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OCTOBER 27, 1972

THE MEN ROUND AGNEW

NATIONAL REVIEW

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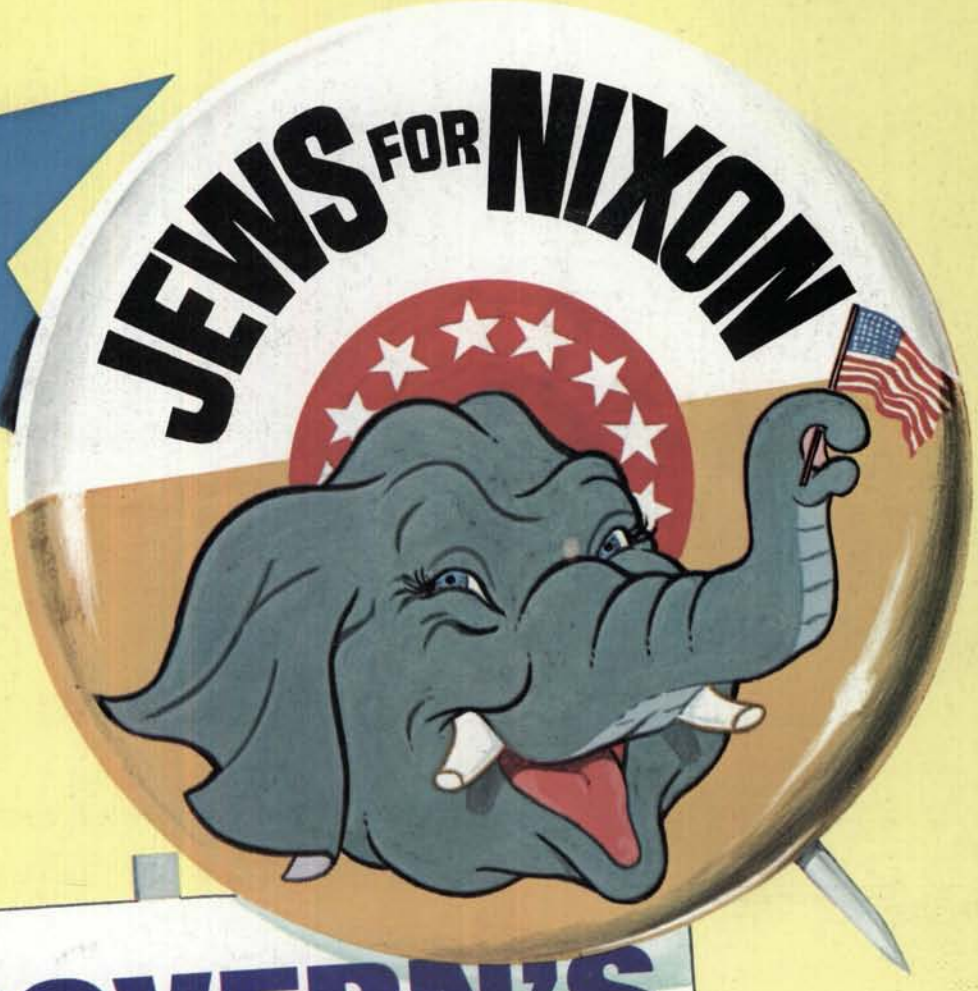

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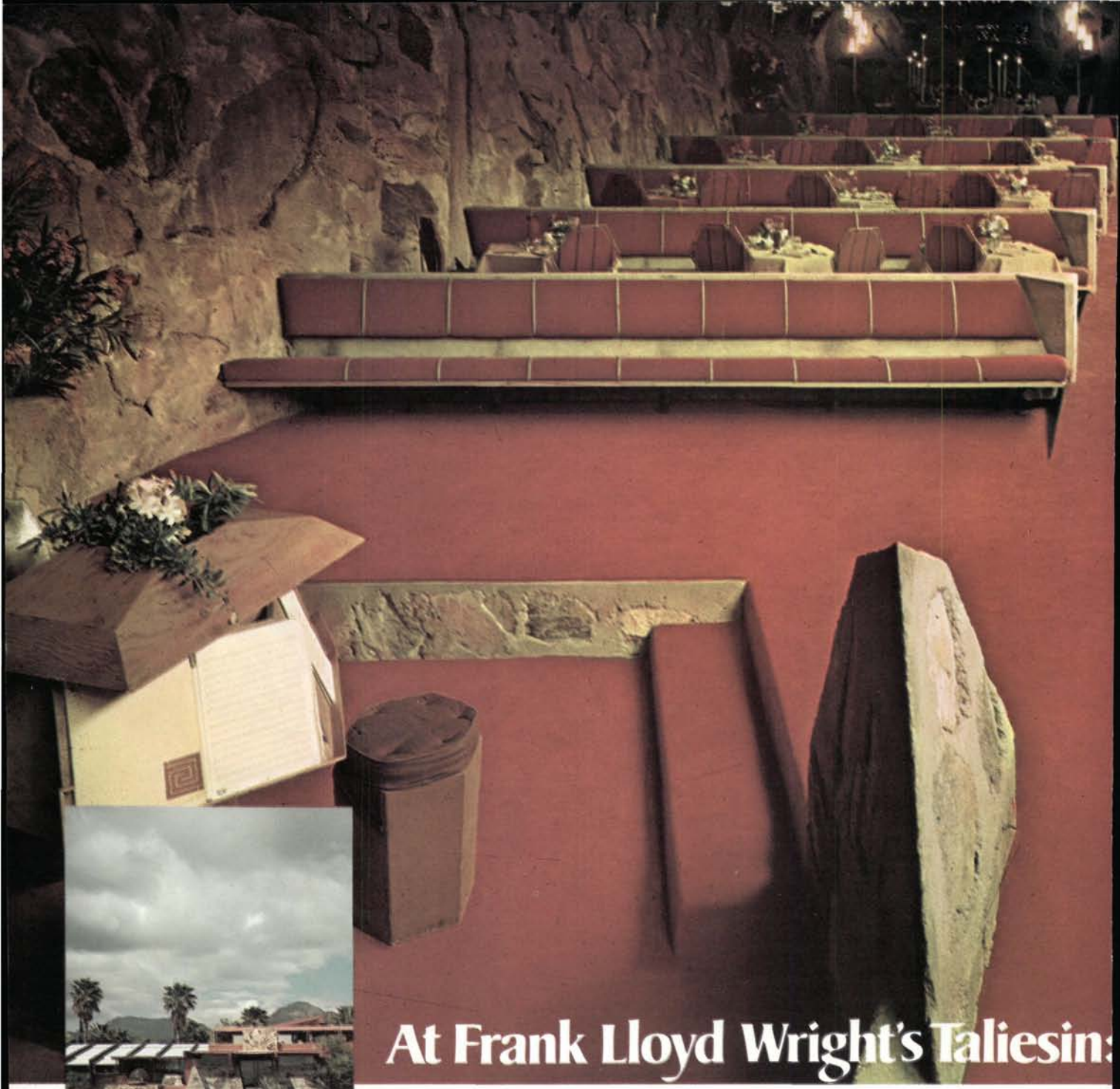

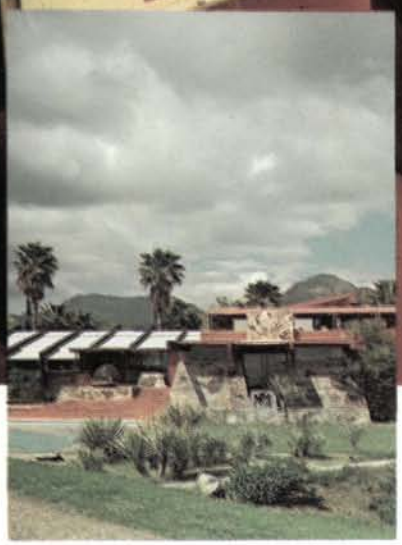

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Will you survive the next crash?

Harry Schultz says it's coming — probably in 1973 or 1974. Are you protected? Are you taking the steps that could double, even triple your money?

Most people were hit hard in the 1969-70 market. It was only a hint of the panic ahead, says financial expert Harry Schultz.

Must you stand by helpless, while your life savings melt away like an ice cube in July? While friends and other investors walk around dazed, ruined? Not at all! You still have time to take the steps Dr. Schultz spells out for you in his new handbook of financial protection, *Panics & Crashes and How You Can Make Money Out of Them.*

WARNING SIGNS

Harry Schultz shows you how to make sure the next panic won't take you by surprise.

- Four symptoms of the coming panic. How to act on them.
- Before the thermometer bursts: how to calculate when inflation will destroy our currency . . . or any foreign currency.
- The worldwide "X" factor.
- Two rules for beating the panic. (Never forget them.)

Much of the Schultz expertise grows out of his knowledge of yesterday's panics and crashes: why they happened, and how the canny few were able to see what was in store and come out ahead.

- The psychology of panics. Why most people *have* to be optimistic. How to make the herd instinct work for you.
- What your broker won't tell you.
- Learning from history: the South Sea Bubble. Credit vulnerability and the Mississippi Company of 18th-century France. How it resembles America's fiscal position today.
- The Six Steps of the Vicious Cycle.
- William Durant, Bernard Baruch, Robert Rhea, Joseph Kennedy: financial wizards who made fortunes while others were losing theirs. How you can imitate them (even if on a smaller scale).
- The classic cyclical movements. The Kitchen Cycle; the Shipbuilding Cycle; the Pig Cycle.
- How smart Brazilians survive galloping inflation.
- 1929 — granddaddy of all crashes. *Why its grandchild is just around the corner.*
- Winding down the Spanish-American War: the financial effects. A clue for post-Vietnam America.
- Jesse ("The Trader") Livermore's two outstanding techniques for stock market profits.
- Four ways shrewd investors made money out of the great German inflation.

HOW TO GUARD YOUR MONEY BEFORE THE NEXT CRASH

There's nothing tricky about Dr. Schultz's advice. No magic formula. No mumbo-jumbo. Just a series of sensible alternatives, each one tailored for a different type of person.

Some are frankly speculative (great rewards here, but some risks too). Some promise sizable capital gains, with minimal risks. Some are geared to people who must protect the money they now have.

- How to use debt as a hedge.
- Two good bonds to buy. Two to avoid like the plague (even though one is always peddled as a "blue chip").
- The Schultz Gold Portfolio: eleven gold stocks recommended. Their current status. Their potential.
- Two legal ways to own gold (plus one intriguing technique you'll want to check out with your lawyer).
- The three foreign currencies that look sound for investors.
- Some little-known prospects for safety.
- The one indispensable source of information for gold coin collectors.
- How to move funds from one country to another in times of financial crisis.
- The three tests for capital survival. Can your money pass all three?

WHO NOT TO LISTEN TO

The main reason so many investors and savers get caught in a crash is that they live in a fool's paradise. They accept all the conventional wisdom, all the cliches that government and banking and Wall Street have a stake in fostering. *But it is precisely the failure of these cliches that brings on panics and crashes — and suffering for millions of helpless people.*

Harry Schultz takes a hard look at these cliches. Careful men and women will want to ponder his words:

- Does your broker tell you that common stocks are the best hedge against inflation? Harry Schultz looks at history — and his answer should make you review your own portfolio.
- Two reasons why Schultz warns against silver.
- The booby trap buried in hedge funds.
- Commodity futures: too wild for the average man? Two facts the speculators had better not forget.
- One area where it pays to be skeptical of your broker.
- Convertible debentures: sound hedge, or phony?
- Common stocks today: the dangers ahead. Why so few pros can make them pay.
- Schultz on real estate: what you must do with your property — *now.*

BANKS: SOME AREN'T AS SAFE AS YOU THINK

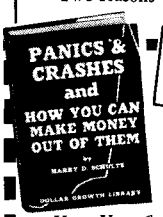
- The only kind of bank that passes all three survival tests.
- The one kind of bank to avoid at all costs.
- Two things you should look for on a bank's balance sheet.
- Fourteen advantages of Swiss banks. Eight services they can perform for you.
- The FDIC: a house of cards?
- Another domestic savings institution you should be warned about.

WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR MONEY IF HARRY SCHULTZ IS WRONG?

Everyone hopes he is. A depression is a horrible experience for most people.

Fortunately, as Dr. Schultz explains, if you take his advice but there is no crash, you'll still keep your money safe — and even increase it!

And if the worst does happen, you'll be one of the few who come out better than before.



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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXVII No. 42 OCTOBER 27, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . **Lewis S. Feuer** writes about the mood of the Democratic Convention, and the implications of McGovernism for the future of the party and of the political system. Professor Feuer, a sociologist of great renown, weathered the storm at Berkeley for a while, but finally gave up and went to the University of Toronto, where he wrote his definitive history of Kidmadness, *Conflict of Generations*. He also edited, a couple of years ago, *Marx and the Intellectuals*. . . . **Edward S. Boylan**, of Rutgers and the Hudson Institute, is himself Jewish as well as an astute analyst of Jewish voting trends. . . . **Neal Freeman** went to Washington to write about the men around the Vice President, and came up with a piece which, really, is more interesting than what he'd have gotten if Mr. Agnew's staff had been obliging, and discursive. The treatment of Mr. Freeman would not have been different if he had sailed into the office on a commission from *Ramparts* Magazine. But he smiled through it all, as he tends to do. Mr. Freeman is the editor of King Features, the nation's largest newspaper syndicate. He is a presidential appointee to the Board of Directors of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. He was previously an editor of Arlington House, before that at the Washington Star Syndicate, and before that, he was editorial aide to WFB, and the director of his campaign for mayor. All of which makes him sound late-middle-aged. In fact, he is 32 years old. —WFB

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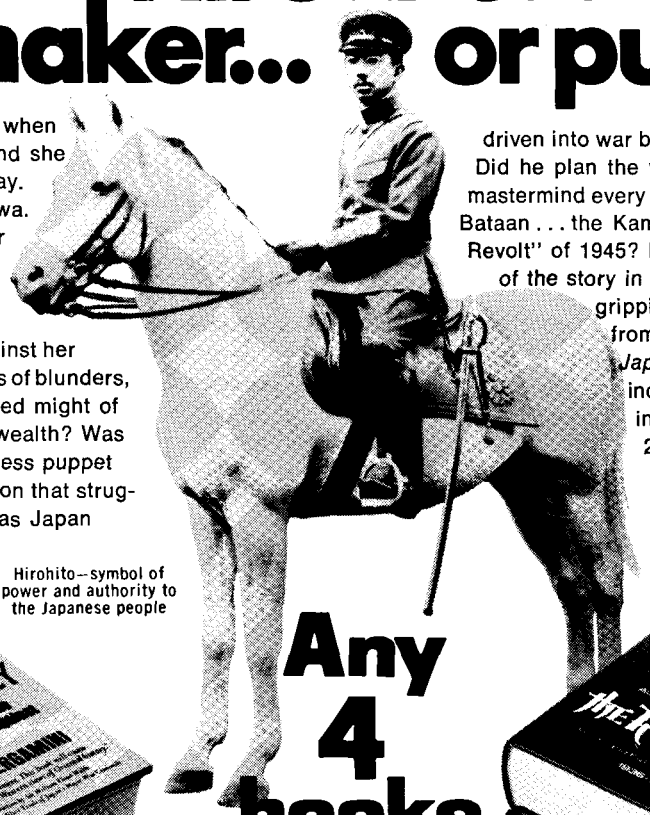
Hirohito... war maker... or puppet?

JAPAN had gambled her empire when she attacked Pearl Harbor. And she fought savagely to win. On Midway. On Guadalcanal. Iwo Jima. Okinawa.

But to many observers, the war was futile. Japan was doomed to lose from the start.

Then why did she fight?

Was she pushed into attack against her will? Did the Allies, through a series of blunders, *force* Japan to "take on" the armed might of the U.S. and the British Commonwealth? Was Emperor Hirohito merely a powerless puppet who tried to lead the anti-war faction that struggled to keep the peace? . . . Or was Japan driven into war by Hirohito's own secret schemings? Did he plan the war as early as 1921? And did he mastermind every step of its progress: Pearl Harbor... Bataan . . . the Kamikaze squads . . . even the "Palace Revolt" of 1945? Decide for yourself. Get *both* sides of the story in two best-sellers: *The Rising Sun*, a gripping account of the war in the Pacific from the Japanese point of view . . . and *Japan's Imperial Conspiracy*, a searing indictment of Hirohito's "hidden" role in World War II. Take either or both 2-volume sets, if you wish, as part of this extraordinary offer from The Military Book Club, Garden City, N.Y. 11530



Hirohito—symbol of power and authority to the Japanese people

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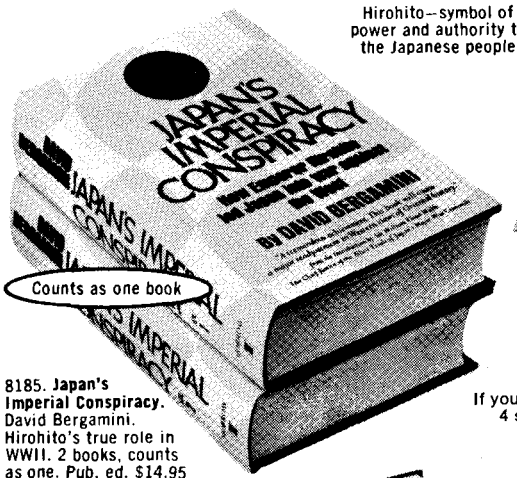

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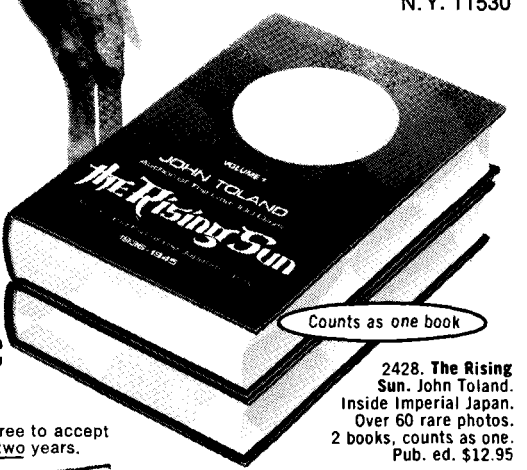

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FOR THE RECORD

■ One month to election and . . . **Louis Harris** reports McGovern has gone up one point in popularity (he now—Oct. 8—trails by just 27 points). . . . **Evans & Novak** conclude if the election were held now McGovern would lose all fifty states, take only the three votes of Washington, D. C. . . . **Jimmy (the Greek) Snyder** is quoting odds of 15 to 1 against. . . . *Washington Post* estimates that 46 per cent of the **Catholics** who voted for Kennedy in 1960 will be going for Nixon in '72. . . . *Editor & Publisher* poll shows 548 daily papers with circulation of 17.5 million have come out for Nixon, 38 (circulation 1.4 million) have endorsed McGovern. . . . *Miami Herald* praised McGovern's idealism and his antiwarism, but gave its support to **Nixon** because, it said, McGovern "for all his melodic contortions can't even charm a garter snake." . . . Even the black vote. Mayor **Charles Evers** of Fayette, Miss. predicts a large Negro vote for Nixon. Evers says he would have campaigned for **McGovern** (even though McGovern was so mean to "my friends Humphrey and Daley" in Miami) if he had been asked, but he hasn't, and he concluded: "Nixon's turning everybody off and McGovern's not turning anybody on." . . . Certainly not with answers like this. When McGovern was asked in Washington recently why he dropped **Eagleton**, he replied, "We can ill afford to debate this issue while death continues to stalk the face of Indochina and our own nation deteriorates under the worst leadership in our national history." . . . No, no, no, said **Frank Blair** of the *Today Show* in response to an angry question, we are not biased. "We are not saying *our* Sargent Shriver. We are saying *R.* Sargent Shriver—it's his name."

■ In other races: Republican **Ben Toledano**'s prospects in Louisiana senatorial race looking up now that former

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"Pardon me, are these the Whitelaw-IRA talks or the Kissinger-North Vietnam talks?"

Gov. **John McKeithen** has entered it as independent. In a two-way confrontation odds would have been on Democratic candidate **J. Bennett Johnston Jr.** . . . Latest poll in *Minneapolis Tribune* shows Nixon way ahead of McGovern there but Sen. **Mondale** leading his opponent, **Philip Hansen**, by 63 to 35 per cent. . . . **John Chafee** still playing down his ties with Nixon Administration—a handsome four-color eight-page brochure in Rhode Island Sunday papers mentions Nixon only twice. His race against Sen. **Claiborne Pell** a cliff-hanger. . . . In Massachusetts, **Roger Durkin** has entered the race in the 5th CD as independent. That's where **John Kerry** of the American Vets against the War is running against almost equally liberal Republican **Paul Cronin**. . . . In another Massachusetts congressional race, in Fr. **Robert Drinan**'s district, the Republican candidate **Martin Linsky** has scored a first of a kind. He's the only Republican state legislator ever to apply for ADA membership.

■ Publications: **Maxine Cheshire** reports that **David Obst**, who was the literary agent for **Ramsey Clark** and **Daniel Ellsberg**, is trying to buy *Ramparts*, plans to move it from California to Washington and set it up as an "investigative magazine" (a new *Confidential*?). . . . **Stephen Schlesinger**'s bright and hard-left *New Democrat* has suspended publication—no money. . . . **M. S. Arnoni** (remember him? *Minority of One*) is back in business, publishing a four-page biweekly in Holland, called *In Search*. Among his contributors **Noam Chomsky**, **Prince Sihanouk**. . . . Out, or just about out, a Random House book on **Daniel Berrigan**, *Absurd Convictions, Modest Hopes*. . . . Also out, a record by **Jim Glazer** and the **Fianchetto Bandits** "The Ballad of Bobby Fischer," being sold through ads in chess magazines. . . . Incidentally, chess has now been legalized in **Saudi Arabia** where it had been long banned because, as a high official there commented: "We don't like all this business of chasing the King all over the board."

■ International notes: Soviet cold warrior **Pyotr Shelest** who had been dropped from Politburo earlier this summer about time of Nixon trip to Moscow has also been dropped from Presidium, according to Tass. . . . *U.S. News* says **Chinese** are making Russians pay in Swiss francs for berthing fees for freighters dropping cargo for North Vietnamese at South China ports. . . . **V. K. Cargi**, first mate of a cargo ship that has been in Haiphong harbor since the mining, has arrived back in Hong Kong (by train), reports that to his knowledge no ship has broken the blockade in five months although some "small boats" can still get in. . . . Although **Japan** intends to double its defense budget in the next five years, it will, it says, still depend on the U.S. nuclear deterrent.

■ Offered for credit at the University of Hawaii, "**Survival 494**." To pass, a student must attend classes all semester without using a car.

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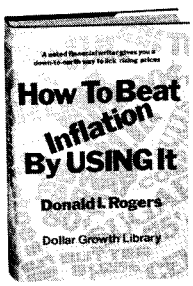

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LETTERS

Reynolds v. Unions

Three cheers for Alan Reynolds' superb piece on the labor union problem ["The Public Be Damned," Sept. 29]. He has drawn the correct bill of particulars against present union organizations and their ill effect on the public interest. In the process he has acknowledged that through their "unemployment effect" union pressures do contribute to inflation indirectly by causing the monetary authorities to try to float off such unemployment by new issues of money and public spending (a point he seemed to underplay in his previous articles). Finally he has correctly seen that controls on wages and prices simply consolidate union power, and that if we wish to cope with that power we must strike at its roots, whether by lifting present union exemptions from antitrust prosecution, or, as Mr. Reynolds specifically suggests, by limiting collective bargaining and the use of the strike weapon to the single firm, thus preventing unions from closing down whole industries and regions of economic activity. This *limitist* approach is the key to labor reform, and Mr. Reynolds and *NR* are to be congratulated for saying so bluntly and persuasively.

New York, N.Y. JOHN A. DAVENPORT

Is It True . . . ?

Concerning the semi-excellent article on the *New York Times* ["Is It True What They Say about the *New York Times*?," Sept. 15] by John C. Ottinger and Patrick D. Maines, I have one observation.

Every case (save one) presented, indicating the *Times*' new-found balanced approach, occurred *after* Vice President Agnew's long-overdue Des Moines speech. The lone exception, the ABM debate, was a poignant example of the *Times*' overt bias pre-Agnew.

Maybe the *Times* is winding down its front-page assault on routine news stories, but don't let's get melodramatic about it. The credit for such a feat belongs—not to the *Times*' staff—but to Mr. Spiro Agnew; a point that was sorely underplayed in your presentation.

Cincinnati, Ohio ROBERT L. HELERINGER

I keep remembering the *New York Times*' reporting on Castro; not merely informing its readership that Castro was not dead, but contacting him, building him up on an all-out publicity scale, to the extent that he was able to make a comeback with American assistance, and gain control of Cuba. Without this all-out support by the *Times* on its news and editorial pages, Castro undoubtedly would never have been able to make such a comeback. Cuba today would not be a Communist base, with all this signifies as regards the security of our nation.

Fairfax, Va. DOROTHY COFFMAN

I think you have done a disservice by publishing this article which, in effect, whitewashes the *Times*.

As your article notes, more or less, many of the *Times*' editorials and columnists are poisonously biased. But then: "People don't read the editorials, anyway." True enough—for *most* people and *most* papers. But you must know that great numbers of network types, politicians, educators, other newsmen and liberals everywhere *do* read the editorials in the *New York Times*.

Time and again I have had colleagues triumphantly show me *Times* editorials in "proof" of what they were trying to tell me. They never show me a news article—who has time to read all those millions of words, anyway?

Glassboro, N.J. PATRICK L. SMILEY

Congratulations and thank you for "Is It True What They Say about the *New York Times*?" I have read your publication for years, but I have always viewed your editorial policy from a perspective of pseudo-superiority. I have considered myself to be fulfilling a function which I thought you would not perform yourself, that is, giving credit where credit is due to the other side. As the devil's advocate I have seriously underestimated your responsiveness and integrity. Sorry. I only wish I saw more of this refreshing trend in government administration and in the courtroom. It isn't much fun associating with individuals who are prone to indulge in intellectual dishonesty—even when they are your political allies. I hope the liberal publications have the guts to perform as your staff has done—the truth should never be considered an "admission against interest" in journalism.

Cincinnati, Ohio HERBERT E. FREEMAN

Copeland and Terrorists

Miles Copeland's article ["Arabs and Terrorists," Sept. 29] did serve some useful purpose, but its defense of the Arab governments does not answer the gnawing question as to why President Sadat and other Arab leaders (Jordan's and Lebanon's excepted) did not issue appeals urging the cessation of the activities of the Black September group in Munich. To have done so would have improved considerably Mr. Sadat's public-relations position with almost everyone at minimum risk to him at home. Not to have done something beneficial to the Israeli athletes' cause must throw the shadow of responsibility for the consequences of the dastardly acts over these silent leaders' heads.

Cincinnati, Ohio ALAN D. BERENSON

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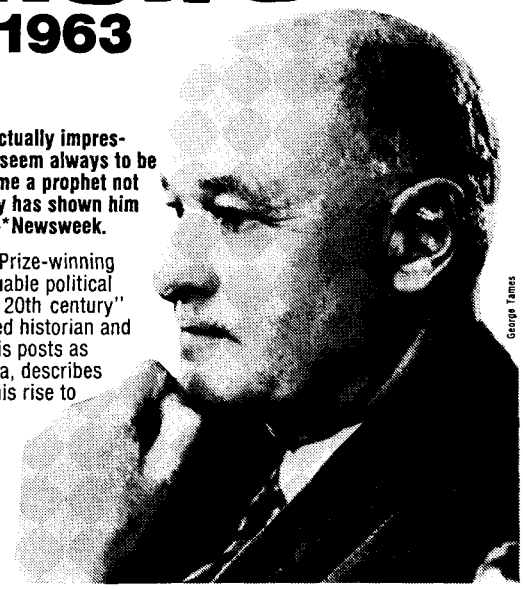
GEORGE F. KENNAN

Memoirs

1950-1963



George Tames

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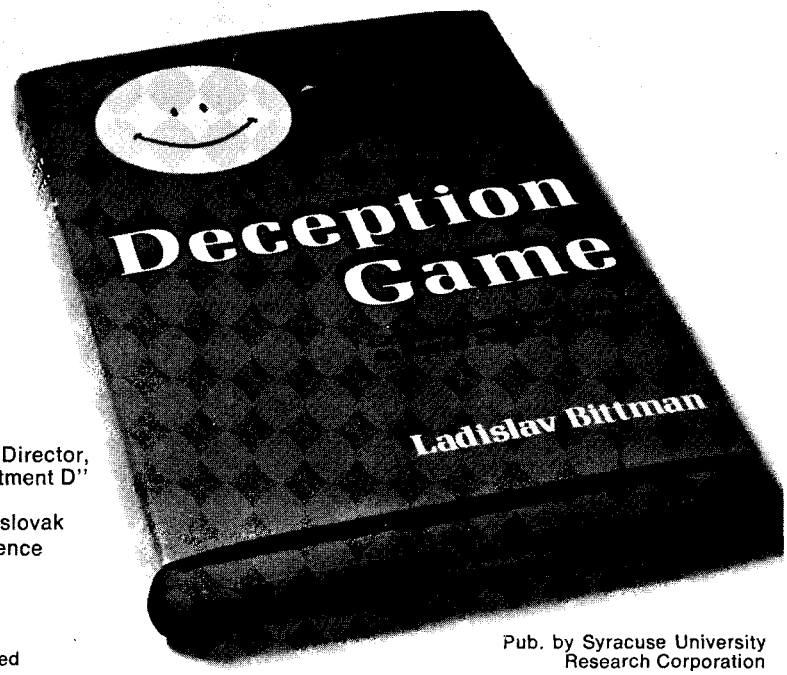

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Political Olympics

In the interests of accuracy, may I take issue with an editorial in "The Week" for September 29—"Political Olympics"? Your comment on Bob Seagren's pole-vaulting effort—"a pole vaulter had the wrong pole"—leaves an incorrect impression. Seagren did not have the wrong pole because of "disorganization," but rather because an East German protest, and an official last-minute decision, denied him use of his personal pole. (The eventual winner filed the complaint.) That can hardly be said to be Seagren's fault.

Bloomington, Ind. CHRISTINA MCKEE

In your editorial "Political Olympics," you stated "the basketball team was inept and *poorly* coached." The hell you say!

Coach Iba was Olympic coach in 1964 (we won, remember?) and in 1968 (we won again). He was a great NCAA coach. Ask his peers. His team won in Munich, 1972, but had the victory stolen by the officials. Considering the strictly amateurish material he had to start with, Iba was great!

Stillwater, Okla. J. C. GILBREATH

Racism in Reverse

Thanks to Geoffrey Wagner for telling it like it is [". . . A Race by Any Other Name," Sept. 1].

As a college teacher who has watched the results of reverse discrimination for several years, I was pleased that he mentioned the harmful effect of affirmative hiring policies on the minority students who would have to take courses from less qualified instructors. Much of the harm comes just from learning that their instructors are not good enough to have made it on their own. Unhappily, this is still one of the least serious ways in which minority groups are hurt by practices supposedly begun for their benefit. The best comparative evidence available on race and ethnic relations suggests that compensatory discrimination is nearly always counterproductive because it continues to emphasize the basis on which the original discrimination was founded. Only a concerted effort to ignore race and sex completely when individuals are evaluated can redress past injustices.

The universities and colleges that have adopted quotas have been forced to continue to use lower standards of evaluation for those admitted and hired after they have entered the institutions. The effect of this has been to confer a permanently inferior status on everyone in the minority groups involved. Once compensatory discrimination has been applied to a group, the attainments of everyone in that group, including the very capable, become suspect. Individuals come to be judged principally on how well they conform to the stereotype of a member of an oppressed minority; and competition between individuals is superseded by competition be-

(Continues on page 1197)

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THE WEEK

■ The key to the election is the crossover vote, politickers are saying. Right. If Republicans cross party lines to vote for Nixon and Democrats cross over to vote for McGovern, look for more of more or less more of the same and less of the sane. If, however, the voters are too cross over both candidacies to go to the polls, the pols would have to run for private office and there's no telling where it would end. Courage.

■ In 1964, Barry Goldwater couldn't mention the problem of crime without being called an "extremist" who would bring on a "police state." Now George McGovern tells us that "the Number One domestic priority of my Administration" will be, yes, crime and drug control. As President Nixon tightens his political grip on Middle America (his latest coup being to proclaim and enforce the inalienable right of every American to see Joe Namath on TV), Sen. McGovern seems to have found a new strategy: to forge a winning coalition by pre-empting *all* the extremist positions.

■ George McGovern keeps repeating the breathtaking prevarication: "No family living on wages and salaries will face a single penny of increased taxes." True, McGovern's $22-billion tax increase ("reform") would fall heavily on investments, but investments provide goods and jobs, and many low-income retired people have their life savings tied up in such investments. Moreover, the $9.4-billion portion to be extracted from business would *doubtless* affect many low-income taxpayers by reducing growth, raising prices and/or reducing funds available to pay wages. Most important, as was again confirmed by a recent American Enterprise Association study, McGovern would also need to increase income and payroll taxes by $64 billion in 1975 to cover health insurance, plus another $20 billion to cover the anticipated "full employment" deficit.

■ Three years ago, when President Nixon grandly announced his welfare reform proposal, he said it was his Number One priority. Conservatives at first were interested in the plan, but they dropped it when it became apparent that Nixon's proposal, instead of ending the welfare mess, would only add to it. Liberals, however, remained interested and began tacking on measures to the already expensive bill, bloating it even further. Last week the much-altered welfare reform bill finally limped onto the Senate floor—where a coalition of Republican and Democratic conservatives killed it. Mr. Nixon wasn't upset. Welfare reform isn't popular and popularity is his current Number One priority. How else can you be a shoo-in?

■ The ceiling on federal spending, which the House has approved, is not enough and too much. Not enough because it involves only about $6 billion, while looming deficits will be nearer $20 billion a year on the convenient but slippery "full employment" basis, or $40 billion in plain English. Too much, because the ceiling concept transfers too much responsibility for federal spending from the Congress (which, admittedly, hasn't shown much responsibility anyway) to the President (who isn't in too good a position to play Pontius Pilate either). Under the bill, Congress would grant blanket authority to the President to cut any government spending he can to keep spending under $250 billion. This is congressional buckpassing: Many programs can and should be repealed, not just put on a diet, and some of the worst involve automatic benefits or grants-in-aid that the President couldn't legally touch, even with a spending ceiling. With uncontrolled and largely unjustifiable "Great Society" programs costing $36 billion, and various subsidies totaling $64 billion, Congress could easily restore fiscal sanity through the judicious application of a dull axe.

■ What in fact did he mean, come to think of it, when he said there would be "no presidential tax increase"? We don't even have a presidential tax. The President gets about $100 million a year to run the White House, keep the lawns cut, buy lamb chops and so on, all free of tax. And don't believe the false impression the President was trying to leave, that there would be no federal tax increases under his Administration.

■ For one example, federal Social Security taxes will be going up, for the ninth time in twelve years. The increases are necessary to pay for the 20 per cent increase in benefits and cost-of-living escalators which Mr. Nixon opposed, signed into law, and now claims credit for in a letter tucked in with many or perhaps all of the 28 million

Get Thee behind Me

"Mr. Schmitz is on the ballot,"
  Said a soft, insistent voice,
As secretions on my palate
  Started oozing at the choice.
"Just depress the little lever
  When you're safely in the booth . . ."
Who's to know I did it? Ever?
  It would take a super-sleuth.
So I waffled and I wavered
  In a most unseemly way,
And I reasoned: Nixon's favored—
  I'll go *Schmitz* election day.
Then a flash I'll long remember
  Got me gasping in the gut;
Could the winner in November
  Be that wacky left-wing nut?

W. H. VON DREELE

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Social Security checks mailed this month. He did not mention the associated tax increase. Ah, the hell with it. "My name is Richard Nixon, King of Kings. Look upon my works, ye taxpayers, and despair."—translation of a runestone of doubtful authenticity, c. the twentieth century.

■ Is there anywhere a committee as unsatisfactory as Charles Taft's Fair Campaign Practices Committee? The Fair Campaign Practices Committee—you are forgiven if you've forgotten what it does—collects complaints about unfair campaign practices and then, just about the time the new President is sworn in and the new Congress convened, it reports on the no-nos of the past fall. Tut-tut and slap on the wrist, and let's do better next time, team. But seldom does it report that such and such is an unfair practice during the course of the campaign—unless of course the unfair practicer turns out to be a conservative. So again this year, the Committee has come forth with its initial report. Unfair practices, it says, are abounding; they are way up over 1968 when, as of October 1, there were yea many while as of this October 1 there have been yea many squared. But no word on specific complaints and no exhortations to cease and desist.

Trial Balloon

WHEN YOU CHAPPAQUIDDICKIZE ONE KENNEDY YOU'RE CHAPPAQUIDDICKIZING INDIRECTLY THRU SARGENT SHRIVER, THE ENTIRE DEMOCRATIC PARTY. IF THAT ISN'T GENOCIDE WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IS!
MCGOVERN SHRIVER

■ When is a tax loophole not a tax loophole? Why, when it benefits George McGovern. Leftlib sugar-daddy Stewart R. Mott has found a tax-free method of pumping cash—$307,419 to date—into McGovern. Mott gives the campaign a block of stock which has appreciated, the campaign sells it, Mott pockets his original investment, avoids paying capital gains—and the campaign keeps the profits. Quis custodiet McGovern?

■ Five weeks ago a Red Chinese merchant vessel ran aground on a reef in the South China Sea. According to a Hong Kong newspaper, the ten-man crew was rescued by Hong Kong fishermen, who as it happened also rescued the cargo, about four hundred of what looked to be TV sets. The crew got back to Mao but not, dirty capitalists, the cargo. The fishermen sold that to the willing natives, who were delighted to get what they, and the fishermen, thought to be TV sets at such a steal. Alas, when the natives plugged in, not a thing, just lines shooting up; when the knobs were twiddled there still was no picture, although the lines did go berserk. Well it turns out the TV sets weren't TV sets but guidance units for surface-to-air missiles on their way to Hanoi, and the proud new owners lived so close to Hanoi that they could, by twiddling the knobs, affect the flight of some SAM missiles. But the fun will be over soon. Chinese TV repairmen may not make house calls but their SAM repairmen always do.

■ Once the U.S. awakened to the realities of the twentieth century and acknowledged the existence of 800 million Chinese and recognized their leaders and tolerated a form of government different from our own (for we can't impose *our* way of life on them, we have to be willing, as Sen. McGovern says, "to live in a world of diversity" and the differenter they are the diverser it gets), the Red Chinese government was going to take its place as a responsible member of the community of nations, remember? Well, the Chinese delegation to the UN has now itemized those expenses it refuses to help pay: the cost of Congo and Middle East peacekeeping operations, aid to Mainland and Tibetan refugees, expenses for maintenance of a Korean cemetery and for a Korean reunification committee. But what did you *expect*, after centuries of aristocratic oppression and two decades of worldwide ostracism?

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■ "After three days without blankets, the scientist was moved to Matroska Yeshena prison where he was put in a three-foot-by-eighteen-inch box. He could not lie down because of the spikes." This is not a *New York Post* review of the opening of Ivan the Terrible, merely a day in the life of Russian Jewish scientist Vladimir Slepak. Slepak had staged a three-day hunger strike, protesting the ransom tax on Soviet Jews seeking to emigrate to Israel.

■ "Oscar Sequella-Avendano, a former Air Force officer, the founder of military parachute training in Chile, is having a hard time. He is sick, suffering from recurrent asthma attacks, and is in an Atlanta, Georgia jail. The CIA has accused [him] of being involved in drug traffic along with a group of deviates whom he cannot even identify on sight. Sequella's future is tragic. In his letter to Chilean friends, he demonstrates his great moral courage and his deep love for his country."

Ultima Hora
Santiago, Chile, June 21, 1972

Sequella-Avendano was arrested in Miami, Florida for transporting 203 pounds of Chilean cocaine, worth $10 million.

■ It's an outrage! The Hartford Plaza Bank, of Chicago, has *on its own initiative* closed the bank account of the conservative Invisible Hand Society. As you know, the IHS is a prestigious group of scholars whose purpose is advancing the ideas of Adam Smith. It was founded by *NR* Associate Timothy Wheeler, and boasts such luminaries as William F. Buckley Jr., Milton Friedman, William F. Rickenbacker, George Stigler and Edwin J. Feulner Jr. on its illustrious board. Until it was sabotaged by the Hartford Plaza Bank, the IHS had $2.28 on account in the bank. Then one day the bank decided the account was "inactive" and sent the IHS a check for $1.78, closing the account. What happened to the other 50 cents? The Hartford Plaza Bank of Chicago kept that much for itself, for the "service" of closing the account, which it did without the advice or consent of the depositors. It is as we say an outrage, and we're not giving the Hartford Plaza another dime until full restitution and appropriate apologies are made.

■ One thing is certain: Our prisons are in for trouble—*real* trouble—unless we heed the voices that cry out for reform. *Real* reform. Take the inmates at the federal prison in Atlanta. Some of them have a new religion, whose Supreme Being enjoins them to include, in every meal, steak and wine; moreover, He is not propitiated by the imbibing of just *any* wine (for He is a jealous God), but insists upon Harvey's Bristol Cream Sherry. The parishioners of the Church of the New Song (for so their sect is named) also demand, qua U.S. citizens, the same benefice for their ministers that the prison chaplain receives ($16,000 per year); a demand that creates problems at the merely secular level, inasmuch as they have three dozen ministers within the prison itself (the warden, a man of no theological subtlety, is grumbling at what he deems their lax principle of apostolic succession). Another inmate of the same prison proclaims as his goddesses the successive Playmates of the Month, and is suing for the right to indulge *his* piety. Best to accede to their demands; there is the First Amendment to think of, and besides, we don't want to make martyrs of them.

■ A group of naturalists, urban planners, college students and representatives of ethnic minorities reports, after a year-long study, that the pristine preservation of our national parks requires that motor vehicles be banned, campsites razed and flush toilets disconnected. All of which is very nice for caribou, elk and grizzly bear but it does seem a little rough on naturalists, urban planners, college students and representatives of ethnic minorities.

■ *Never to have been born is much the best;*
And the next best, by far,
To return thence, by way the speediest,
Where our beginnings are.

—Oedipus at Colonus

NR's Sophocles Award this week goes out to Kent County (Md.) Circuit Judge George B. Rasin Jr., who, in ruling that a sixteen-year-old girl must submit to an abortion, opined, "The court does not believe it is in the interest of an unborn child to be born under these circumstances."

Memo to HK

What *is* Henry Kissinger doing in Paris? Yes, everybody knows that he is there to talk about Vietnam. But almost everybody knows that Henry Kissinger isn't the kind of guy, like poor U. Alexis Johnson, who gets sent to Geneva or some place to have 454 consecutive sessions with representatives of somebody or other to talk about problems of evanescing international concern. He will no doubt be back in Washington by the time these words are read, and if he is and has announced a deal, let it be judged then on its merits.

Its merits are a) a steadfast refusal by the United States to act as agent for the deposition of Thieu and b) a hard public contract to supply the South Vietnamese the matériel of war necessary to defend its borders. The use of the U.S. Air Force and the U.S. Fleet should diminish only as the threat from the north diminishes. That threat is a function, in part, of the logistical energy of the Red Chinese and the Soviet Union which, if they are tiring of the mini-lesion caused by their client-state North Vietnam, show no signs of it.

Be steadfast, Doc. Don't give it away. Don't be se-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Not long ago the President gave poor Ron Ziegler, his press secretary, and John Ehrlichman, his domestic counselor, the unenviable task of looking the public straight in the eye and promising that there would be no tax increase during the second Nixon term. They accompanied the promise with considerable dissembling, but make it they did. Then in early October the President "clarified" the promise at a press conference. There will be no *presidential* tax increase during 1973, he said. Which is to say, there will be a tax increase next year *unless* Congress (seriously!) cuts spending (you there—no giggling!) or does something else to prevent the necessity of a tax increase.

■ Last year Congress and the President decided to honor Vietnam war dead by adding a crypt at Arlington Cemetery between the Tombs of the Unknown Soldiers of the Second World War and the Korean War. But there is one problem. According to rules that have governed the selection of bodies of the Unknown Soldiers, no body may rest there unless its identity is truly unknown. There must be positive proof that the deceased is an American, but no other information. There can be no identification of the man with a particular military unit, nor any personal identifying clues such as initialed jewelry. But as a result of improved body identification techniques, there has not been a single unidentifiable body among the 45,857 Americans killed in Vietnam during the last eleven years. The new crypt will be built anyway on the assumption that unidentified bodies will be found in postwar searches of isolated battle areas.

■ Ye of little faith, take heart. Just when you thought our government could not do anything right, it discovered a way to make the trains run on time. Government regulations, and favoritism toward the railroads' competitors, reduced the railroad passenger business to near ruin. But our government is nothing if not thorough, so it invented Amtrak to finish the job. Amtrak is the government corporation running those passenger trains which government policy has not exterminated. Amtrak claims that during the first quarter of 1972, 81 per cent of its trains arrived at their destination "on time" (i.e., no more than five minutes late). But this record was achieved by tampering with the schedules, not by improving the trains. For example, in 1962, in the bad old days before quasi-nationalization under Amtrak, the Southern Pacific's *Shasta Daylight* was scheduled to make the 709-mile run from Oakland to Portland in fifteen hours and twenty minutes with ten stops. Today Amtrak's *Coast Starlight* is scheduled to take an hour longer and make four fewer stops over the same distance. Five years ago the New York Central ran a train between Chicago and Detroit in five hours and 25 minutes with seven stops. Today Amtrak's *The St. Clair* makes two fewer stops and takes 25 minutes longer. The January 10, 1941, Louisville and Nashville timetable scheduled the *South Wind* to make the Miami-Chicago run *thirteen hours and fifteen minutes faster* than Amtrak's *Floridian*. So much for Amtrak's pride in "on-time" performances. A helluva way to run a railroad? No, just the government way. We have seen the future and it is a mess. Just wait until the government concocts a "national health service" and makes us all healthy by redefining health.

■ Judicial activism, according to its critics, debilitates democracy by usurping policy-making power from the more (properly) political institutions of representative government—institutions like legislatures. President Nixon agrees, and has sought Supreme Court appointees who would reject the activist policies of the Warren Court. How has he done? Pretty well, judging by the statement of Prof. Louis Pollack, civil-rights lawyer and a leading Warren-worshiper at the Yale Law School. Pollack says, with obvious regret, that from now on "things will be done through the conventional political process or not at all."

—CATO

---

duced by dreams of an even greater victory for Nixon than the one toward which he is headed. We want to be gentlemanly about it, but we promise you the biggest backlash you ever saw, if you falter now.

McGovern's 'Peace Plan'

What Senator George McGovern proposed in his October 10 televised speech on Vietnam was much more than a plan to "end the war." McGovern is not merely asking American withdrawal. He is not proposing any sort of negotiated compromise. He is, in essence, proposing that we change sides in the war and ensure the destruction of our erstwhile South Vietnamese allies. To such depths has the so-called idealist now sunk. The face on the screen was that of George McGovern. But the spirit was that of Pierre Laval or Vidkun Quisling.

The key sentences in McGovern's speech read as follows. He would "immediately begin the withdrawal of all American forces from Vietnam, from Laos and Cambodia, along with all salvageable American equipment." He "would further notify all parties that the United States will no longer interfere in the internal politics of Vietnam and that we will allow the Vietnamese people to work out their own settlement." He would, therefore, "terminate any shipments of military supplies that continue the war."

What McGovern thus proposes is to disarm the South. All salvageable U.S. equipment will be carted away. No more will be supplied. And he is willing to do all this in the absence of any inhibition on Soviet supplies to the North.

It is very much worth noting that McGovern's proposal was too much even for James Reston, who denounced it as "virtually a formula for surrender," a formula for not only "abandoning Thieu but wounding him on the way out." Reston is a bellwether for an important part of Establishment liberalism, and his denunciation of the McGovern plan is therefore important.

Furthermore, McGovern is prepared to depend almost entirely on the good will of Hanoi for the return of the prisoners of war. He merely notes that he would "expect" Hanoi to return the prisoners; though here, interestingly enough, there has been a slight modification of a previous McGovern position. Instead of going to Hanoi himself to

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beg for the prisoners, McGovern proposes to send Sargent Shriver.

The question remains as to why McGovern should come forward with such an extraordinary set of proposals. In our opinion, there are two reasons, one internal to McGovern himself, and one external.

First of all, it is now clear that McGovern is one of the "terrible simplifiers." His world is a Manichean one, pure good ranged against pure evil, all black or white and without shades in between. This temperament explains his extreme rhetoric regarding President Nixon, and, now, his murderous hostility toward Thieu and our South Vietnamese allies.

The second reason is external. In the weeks since the Democratic Convention, McGovern has seen enthusiasm for his candidacy wane on the campus as well as among his original leftist supporters. After the Convention, correctly perceiving himself as the candidate of a faction of a faction, McGovern tried to blur his radical image. He modified some positions and abandoned others, he broke bread with Daley and LBJ, and so on. But this disillusioned the purists and the zealots. And McGovern cannot do without them. He badly needs them for canvassing and other campaign tasks. He knows that McGovern activity on the campuses and in the neighborhoods is now practically nil.

The speech on Vietnam was a desperate attempt to reinspire the disaffected McGovern zealots. It reached the lowest depth in the history of modern American presidential campaigning.

Economics of the Wheat Deal

Why were the Soviets anxious to buy U.S. grain? Russia's 1972 wheat production is expected to be 10 to 25 per cent below last year's crop, and much of the wheat may be unfit for human consumption because of weather damage. Other staple crops—potatoes, sugar beets and sunflower seeds—will be 10 to 15 per cent below the low 1971 levels. The Soviet hierarchy has been widely criticized, even in the government-controlled press, for incompetent handling of the farm crises; many Soviet agriculture officials have reportedly been replaced.

How much grain was involved? About one-fourth of the entire U.S. wheat harvest—415 million bushels ($680 million)—plus one million tons of soybeans ($130 million) and six million tons of corn ($300 million).

Why should the U.S. want to sell grain to Russia? A new market there would help reduce storage costs and domestic subsidies on surplus grain, improve our balance of payments, and create new employment opportunities. In exchange for our exports, we might eventually be able to tap Russia's abundant reserves of petroleum and natural gas. Dependency on Soviet energy sources has obvious strategic implications, however, as does bailing out the Soviet dictators in times of crises.

What effect will the Soviet wheat deal have on our other trading partners? Now that the Soviet Union has all the grain it wants, we've allowed the price to other nations to rise substantially. Japan—the largest, most reliable buyer of American agricultural products—will pay much higher prices for U.S. grain than did either Russia or China.

What effect has the Russian demand had on U.S. prices? The price of hard red winter wheat rose from about $1.50 a bushel on July 8, when the Soviet grain deal was announced, to $2.44 in late September. The increased price of wheat will probably add to the price of bread, and the increased price of feed grain may add to the already inflated price of meat.

What price did the Soviets pay for wheat? About $1.63 a bushel. This was possible because of $120 million in export subsidies (14 to 47 cents a bushel) provided by the USDA.

Why should U.S. taxpayers provide subsidies to keep the price of wheat to Russia below the price charged to our own bakers? The U.S. price has not been competitive in world trade, so below-cost "dumping" of wheat exports has been subsidized to help dispose of surpluses resulting from agricultural price supports. In the face of the unforeseen size and urgency of Soviet needs—which neither Canada nor Australia could meet—the subsidy was a mistake, and has been eliminated.

Did six large grain exporters receive an advance tip from the Agriculture Department, which enabled them to profit at the expense of uninformed farmers? The Agriculture Department decided on August 24 that it could no longer support the $1.63 price with export subsidies, because world and domestic prices were rising rapidly. Exporters had contracted to sell wheat to the Soviets at $1.63 with the assurance that they would be compensated by the Agriculture Department if they had to pay more than $1.63 to cover their commitments. To reverse this promise overnight would be a bit unfair, so six major exporters *were* informed on August 24 that all transactions concluded by that day would be eligible for a subsidy if registered within five days. There was apparently little or no time to conclude additional transactions.

Why should grain exporters receive subsidies and special tax advantages? If the subsidy just covers the difference between domestic prices and lower export prices, it is the man who sells to the exporter, rather than the exporter himself, who really receives the subsidy. Exporters of any product can, by setting up a Domestic International Sales Corporation (DISC), receive indefinite deferral of half of their tax liability. This tax subsidy is intended to make our export costs competitive with those of continental nations, which rebate VAT taxes to their export industries.

Can subsidies to exporters exceed the difference between domestic and world prices? Yes. Subsidies are granted on the basis of prevailing prices at the time exports are registered—not when the products are actually bought and sold. If exporters bought wheat at low July prices, but didn't register until August 25, the subsidies

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could be as much as $92 million higher than the spirit of the law intended. The extent to which this, or the opposite, was actually the case is a major issue of congressional and FBI inquiries. In any case, excess subsidies are a fault in the construction of the law, not a breach of that law.

Aren't farmers who sold wheat before the price went up compensated by larger subsidies? No. Domestic farm subsidies are based on the difference between an average selling price and an ideal, parity price. Each farmer receives the same price-support payment per bushel, regardless of the price at which he sold his wheat. The rise in price will reduce the difference between the average price and "parity," so those who sold early at lower prices will be worse off than they would be if the price hadn't risen. Most farmers, however, will almost surely benefit from the higher prices. To say that all farmers should or could have waited for higher prices is rather like asking the New York Stock Exchange to shut down until stock prices go up.

What about the two former Agriculture Department officials who left the department recently to work for grain export companies? Both men, Clarence Palmby and Clifford Pulvermacher, had announced their intention to leave the USDA long before the Soviet deal was even begun. Neither man appears to have had access to any special information about the magnitude or nature of Soviet purchases—in fact, the Agriculture Department itself was apparently taken by surprise (or just "taken"), expecting sales of only about $200 million and mostly in feed grains. The company that Palmby represents, Continental, did contract to sell over eight million tons of wheat and corn to the Soviets three days before the President announced the deal: This was fast action by the Soviets, but it did not require any inside information on Continental's part.

In retrospect, it seems that the Agriculture Department should have predicted the scale of Soviet wheat purchases, and allowed the market to set the price. There is little evidence of illegal or unethical conduct, but ample evidence of the high cost of tinkering with the price system.

Landslide Costs

As shown most dramatically, perhaps, by the senatorial race in Texas (see "Connally *v.* Tower," p. 1173), a serious conflict exists between Richard Nixon's goal of a huge landslide on November 7 and the Republican Party's natural desire to make gains in Congress and elsewhere. Thus, John Connally is valuable to Nixon's strategy of attracting Texas Democrats, and Nixon has left little doubt that as far as the White House is concerned Connally is Mr. Texas. But Connally, while energetically supporting Nixon, is also supporting every other Democrat except McGovern—and, most particularly, a lackluster candidate named Barefoot Sanders, who is a threat to John Tower only because of Connally's support. Needless to say, the loss of Tower, a solid conservative and an expert on national defense, would be grievous.

The same pattern recurs elsewhere.

In pursuit of his landslide, and needing millions of Democratic votes to achieve it, Nixon—the first professional Republican President since the New Deal—has campaigned little and has tended to mute his Republican identification. Nixon's calculation is said to be that he needs a landslide, or as he puts it a "mandate," in order to provide the Administration with political momentum during its opening months. Only thus can he ward off, for a while, at least, the debilitating shades of lameduckery. In effect, therefore, he has all but conceded control of Congress to the Democrats, and is campaigning in a way that will not bruise many egos there.

It may be that this analysis is correct in its main outlines—cold comfort though that will be for Winton Blount, for example, the current underdog in a tough race against Sen. John Sparkman in Alabama. And there are other tough senatorial races in North Carolina, Montana, South Dakota and elsewhere.

First of all, there is little evidence that Nixon's intervention in a local race much benefits the Republican candidate. Nixon campaigned energetically in 1970, with, at best, mixed results. It might conceivably be argued that the landslide in prospect will be of greater benefit to most local candidates than an all-out Republican campaign by the President. Furthermore, Nixon himself is about the only person in Washington who thinks he is a great campaigner, and the professional judgment that he isn't, though harsh, is probably accurate.

Nevertheless, many candidates are seething over the no-show low-profile presidential campaign, and they are —with justification—outraged over the unneeded and unused campaign funds being held back by the Committee to Re-elect the President. From their point of view all this looks like the Mt. Rushmore syndrome and White House narcissism.

At this writing, the word is that no firm decision has yet been made on whether Nixon will emerge—*Shazam!* —during the final two weeks in order to barnstorm around the country. If his huge lead does hold up, he

What Price Social Security?

My FICA figure's going up.
I don't want Pop to pass the cup,
But neither do I want to be
Bled white for his security.
Sure, someday I'll be on the beach.
Meanwhile, though I'm no blushing peach,
I'm good for several harvest moons
Before they shrivel up like prunes.

W. H. VON DREELE

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will probably have to respond to the wails of beleaguered Republicans.

Orwell on Freedom

George Orwell seems to have no prose "style": his diction is common, his sentences are loose, his arguments methodical. He avoids epigrammatic shortcuts in favor of accumulated observations; he appeals to his reader modestly, through bonds of common experience, common decency, and common sense. Yet his quiet literary voice communicates extraordinary integrity and undeniable moral authority.

Although he never makes his plainness a mere mannerism (as Hemingway sometimes did), he does make it a matter of principle: "Politics and the English Language" argues that debased language—language that obscures its own relation to reality—goes hand in hand with totalitarianism, and his two great satires, *1984* and *Animal Farm*, dramatize the connection. Orwell hated cant because he saw in it the linguistic habit of a distinctively *modern* vice for which he had a special contempt: servility.

Orwell felt keenly that the whole tendency of modern institutions, from boarding school to bureaucracy, was to make men timid and docile. He hoped that socialism would make them free, and he never forgave his fellow leftists for their failure to embody, as he himself did, the virtues of free men. The *New York Times Magazine* has now published a recently discovered essay of Orwell's, "The Freedom of the Press," in which he castigates the British intelligentsia of the Forties for their servile devotion to Stalin, their willingness to compromise themselves at any and every moment for the sake of the "long run." "In our country," he charges, " . . . it is the liberals who fear liberty and the intellectuals who want to do dirt upon the intellect." He observes: "The sinister fact about literary censorship in England is that it is largely voluntary. Unpopular ideas can be silenced, and inconvenient facts kept dark, without the need for any official ban. . . . At any given moment there is an orthodoxy, a body of ideas which it is assumed that all right-thinking people will accept without question. It is not exactly forbidden to say this, that or the other, but it is 'not done' to say it, just as in mid-Victorian times it was 'not done' to mention trousers in the presence of a lady. Anyone who challenges the prevailing orthodoxy finds himself silenced with surprising effectiveness. A genuinely unfashionable opinion is almost never given a fair hearing, either in the popular press or in the highbrow periodicals." And he concludes: "If liberty means anything at all, it means the right to tell people what they do not want to hear." Orwell belongs with those English men of letters, including Milton and Johnson, who have reminded us from time to time that liberty is something that must be lived up to. It is good to hear from him again.

McGovern Thinks It Out

I'm certain Thieu will have to go.
He isn't democratic, so
To get a government that is,
I'm all for giving Thieu the biz.
Another name might not annoy
Those friendly statesmen in Hanoi,
Who, just the other day, made news
Releasing POWs.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

The White House
Washington

September 18, 1972

■ Dear Bill:

This is the first opportunity I have had to express my appreciation for the forthright editorial endorsement of NATIONAL REVIEW. Your and [the editors'] confidence and support will mean a great deal to me as we carry our message to the American people in the challenging days ahead.

I recognize that we have differences on some issues but I know we agree on more. Beyond that, the differences between my opponent and me on issues are as widespread as you frequently point out.

With kindest regards and appreciation,

Sincerely,
Richard Nixon

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re your recent column on Israel as our 51st state, in which you say that Israel would be as free from attack as Chicago.

Please be advised that this plan would not protect Israel, since, with the exception of Mr. Humphrey, everyone has attacked Chicago.

Scott Breidbart, Yale '76
Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

■ Dear Bill:

I completely forget if I have told you about the Jane Chord. It is a critical dowsing-rod invented by Jane Brakhage, wife to the poetic film-maker Stan Brakhage, and it can be be applied with profit to any book by any mortal. To obtain the Jane Chord you combine the first

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and last words of the book—inflected languages, where words are riveted together, occasionally require that you permit some article or preposition to tag along—and if it is a book worthy of human veneration these words combined will state the book's quality in a phrase. Thus the *Aeneid* catches the Virgilian chiaroscuro with "arma/ sub umbras"; thus *Ulysses* yields "Stately/yes"; thus in *The Pound Era*, to group small things with great, we perceive "Toward/labyrinth." I am told that it works also with the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, but while I can remember the first words of these I cannot recall the last and have no texts here (remember that we cannot expect much of translators). I was once describing this precious principle to the novelist Edward Loomis, and his book *Heroic Love* being handy we inspected it and obtained "In/her." And the *Divine Comedy* yields "nel/stelle," in the stars. Later I discovered that Mallarmé seems to have arrived at this principle for himself and used it consciously to structure poems, leading them from an opening to a closing word in such wise as to expand and adorn that bracketing phrase. His most famous sonnet gives "Le vierge/cygne," and his Poe-poem, "Tel/ futur."

At any rate, *Inveighing We Will Go* reverberates, all 160,000 words of it, between the members of surely the most resonant, most majestic, most scintillant Jane Chord of 1972, if not of—what doesn't sound too hyperbolical? —oh, say the Kissinger Epoch: "Herewith/light."

I have all your other books on a shelf six feet away and decline to check any more of them, lest perfection be flawed. Herewith light. Eat your heart out, Homer. Arthur Schlesinger, down boy. Herewith light.

All the best,
Hugh Kenner,
U. of California,
Santa Barbara

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The other evening, following your talk before a jam-packed and miserably hot house at Illinois State University, you found yourself in a small anteroom at the bottom of the spiraling stage stairs—encircled by a cadre of well-wishers. As you bent forward to allow a college student to light your long cigar, a grey-haired, 65-year-old lady slipped through the crowd and handed you a folded sheet of notebook paper she had just acquired from a student. You cordially scribbled your autograph and handed the paper back to her.

That lady was my aunt—Beth Allen. Those few seconds in the anteroom at ISU will no doubt constitute the only time that you and she will know the presence of each other. But Aunt Beth deserves to be known by you. Let me explain why.

Aunt Beth, who never married, retired last year from the *Daily Pantagraph* in Bloomington, Illinois, where she had been a proofreader. She always lived in rooms so small they would surely qualify for someone's poverty specifications. She never learned to drive, thus never owned a car. She walked to work; walks to shop; walks to the library. She eats so little, those close to her wonder what keeps her alive. Her diet consists of Cokes, Kools, and book after book after book. She often reads two or three books a night. The money she made, she generously spent on relatives, friends, and conservative causes.

Aunt Beth never finished high school, but she is so well-read and so quick with apropos lines of verse and memorized witticisms that we college-educated folks who know her are always made doubtful of formal education. If Richard Nixon is the last of the self-made men, as Garry Wills suggests, Aunt Beth may be one of a diminishing breed of self-made women. What she has made is not a fortune, nor is it fame. She has made

"Polling booth, anyone?"

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instead, a near-perfect person of herself. Self-educated and self-supported, incessantly generous and totally unselfish, unswervingly principled but humbly gentle in the manner of her Quaker forebears—her rewards await her in heaven.

It is not her personal virtues that should be of interest to you, however, but her political virtues. Aunt Beth's father was a Kansas blacksmith who fed his family beans and oatmeal and heated their home with wood from the stalls of their stable rather than accept a dole during the Depression. He left a town after his former friends boycotted his shop because he stubbornly refused to join the Ku Klux Klan—a group that had gripped so many broken Kansans in that time of despair. Perhaps those hard times and her father's reaction to them instilled in Aunt Beth the belief in individual responsibility, the disdain of pretense, the personal courage that undergird her conservative philosophy. Perhaps it was seeing her brother rise from this circumstance to become Attorney General of Kansas that convinced her of the hope of America. Perhaps it was seeing her brothers and brother-in-law go off to war that galvanized her realization that freedom is worth fighting and dying for.

Aunt Beth bought and quietly distributed several copies of *The Conscience of a Conservative*. She has given NATIONAL REVIEW and *Human Events* subscriptions as gifts. She has contributed what little money she could afford to the campaigns of Goldwater, your brother Jim, and others. She has spent many hours patiently explaining the virtues of conservatism to anyone who would listen.

But after all these years of dedication to conservatism, my aunt is feeling betrayed these days. Aunt Beth has the courage to abstain from casting a vote for President; she has the philosophical consistency to vote for a Democrat over Senator Percy. She is still appalled by the President mollycoddling Communists abroad. But today she feels alone in her adherence to conservative verities. Alone, except for you, Bill.

That is why the scribbled autograph on that borrowed notebook paper means so much. To Aunt Beth, you are a friend in a now lonely world.

Sincerely,
Sam Redding
Lincoln College
Lincoln, Ill.

■ *Excerpts, from Address by WFB to the Red Cross Convention, Vancouver, B.C., April 1972.* "I do not pretend that I am here only to register my enthusiasm for the Red Cross. I could after all have done that, accepting to be sure certain risks about its arrival, by Western Union. I am also here to celebrate my enthusiasm for Mrs. Taylor, and to register publicly, my docility as her son-in-law. If you are inclined to wince at my mention of matters so personal, permit me to remind you that my devotion to my mother-in-law, far from being irrelevant to your annual meeting, contributes substantially to its solvency.

"Accordingly, I expect you to listen with great patience to any reminiscence I impose on you respecting Babe Taylor. I am, after all, 46 years old, and this is the first time I have had an opportunity to speak in her presence without the risk that she will contradict me, change the subject of my discourse in mid-sentence, observe that the chair on which I am tilting is an irreplaceable antique, close the bar, or turn off the electricity.

"Babe Taylor has of course served the Red Cross for more years than I have served her. For all that she has accomplished prodigies as a civic servant, she has been first and foremost a wife, a mother, and a mother-in-law. She is not only a pillar of reliability in community relations, but also in family relations—where her authority is absolute, except when her sense of humor is provoked, and inasmuch as her sense of humor is more easily touched off than Bob Hope's, her family usually manages to navigate around her sense of order and rectitude by the simple expedient of making her laugh.

"I know of only one occasion when this failed. Her late husband, the formidable Austin C. Taylor, was a taciturn man, particularly touching his business affairs, concerning which his family notoriously knew nothing. On one occasion, many years ago, Babe came home bursting with organizational pride, and launched at lunch time into an extended account of her prowess in her capacity as chairman of the Vancouver Ladies Society in shepherding the society away from—let us call it the Brighton Hotel—where for years the society had had its headquarters at considerable profit to the Brighton Hotel—on over to the—let us call it the Piccadilly Hotel. Babe bubbled on about how she had finally won the fight, and had just that morning signed a ten-year lease in behalf of the Ladies Club with the Piccadilly Hotel. Austin Taylor was stirring his coffee wordlessly throughout the extended account by his wife of how she had maneuvered the club in the desired direction. At this point he spoke up. 'You know something, Baby,'—as he called her—'you own the Piccadilly Hotel.'

"It is recorded that she did not speak to him for two weeks, and only then after forcing him to sell the hotel, preferably at a loss.

"Babe Taylor is a running welfare department of her own, providing to her friends and to her family, an inexhaustible supply of affection, guidance, encouragement, loyalty, shelter, and peanut brittle. I know that those of you who know her personally will not take offense at my exceeding my authority in proposing a toast to her, gratefully and affectionately, from her friends and family."

KATHLEEN ELLIOTT TAYLOR
Aug. 15, 1896—Sept. 28, 1972

—WFB

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LETTER FROM TEXAS

Connally v. Tower

WILLIAM G. FREDERICKS

REPUBLICAN Senator John Tower of Texas has an opponent named Barefoot Sanders and a problem named John Connally.

Sanders is a former LBJ White House aide. Connally is an engaging high-binder, a once and future Nixon Cabinet member whose distinguishing emotion is a breezy indifference regarding which party should have the privilege of placing him in Lincoln's chair. Together they are part of a drama that makes Tower uncomfortable and illustrates a potential flaw in the President's strategy for winning in November in a way that will help him govern effectively thereafter.

But for the grace of the President, Connally would be just a former governor, another Texas Democrat unwilling to march in McGovern's parade. But for Connally, the Sanders parade would be small indeed.

Sanders lacks stature and issues. He won senatorial nomination by performing a Texas ritual: he beat liberal ex-Senator Ralph Yarborough in a primary. Having portrayed himself as a bomb-proof dike against liberalism, he promptly banked two $1,000 contributions from Ramsey Clark, and a barrel of money from big labor.

That is just one respect in which Barefoot's campaign is too well-heeled for its own good. His first campaign gambit was to accuse the Tower campaign of unseemly affluence—trying to "buy a Senate seat" and all that. But his own campaign records reveal that he and his family have contributed 193 per cent more to his campaign than the law allows.

Because there is little to be gained in Texas by attacking Tower's record as a strong conservative with exceptional knowledge of defense issues, the Sanders' organization has resorted to an energetic whisper campaign about "Tower after dark." Tower, it is said, likes ladies, and has been known to enjoy the grape and the grain.

Whispers will not beat Tower. However, Connally, and the President's strategy he serves, just might.

Evidence concerning House and Senate races indicates that the Republican Party is not going to share much of the Republican President's political prosperity. The President planned it that way, for reasons that are neither trivial nor wholly selfish.

Disappointed by the meager results of his hard campaigning for Republican candidates in 1970, Richard Nixon, the first partisan, professional Republican President since Hoover, made a fateful decision. He decided to maximize his popular vote, even at the expense of fellow Republican candidates. Nixon began preparing this strategy weeks after the 1970 election when he linked his re-election plans to Connally's presidential ambitions.

Connally needs his link with Nixon to keep a boot in both parties until the dust settles all around. He remains a Democrat while campaigning for Nixon, and he tries to be a *credible* Democrat by supporting other Democrats—like Sanders.

Nixon's need for Connally is more subtle. There is not a single state the President will carry with Connally's support that he would not have carried without it. But look again at Connally's goals.

He wants to please Republicans by piling up Democratic votes for the President, and he wants to please Democrats by serving as a conspicuous and exemplary model—a Democrat who is avid for all Democrats except McGovern. He can only do this as long as Nixon's affection for him is clear. Nixon is helping Connally because he is more worried about governing in a second term than about winning the second term.

Nixon knows that on November 8 he begins the long slide into lameduckery, a condition certain to be especially painful if, as Nixon seems to be conceding, the Democrats will control the 93rd Congress. Thus he wants a popular-vote landslide that will—he hopes—give him special political momentum, and he wants to achieve that landslide while ruffling as few feathers as possible among congressional Democrats.

Meanwhile lesser Republicans, and especially southern Republicans fighting to establish their party in traditionally Democratic territory, must look on helplessly as Connally goes about explaining that the President loves Connally, and Connally loves all Democrats except McGovern.

Tower's position is especially awkward because he is Mr. Republican in Texas. Connally knows that the liberals in control of the national Democratic Party would forgive a lot to the man who sank Tower.

In Texas, as elsewhere, the weaker McGovern gets, the more the state Democratic Party concentrates on other races. In Texas, with Connally leading charges in two directions, the weaker McGovern gets the stronger Sanders gets.

THAT IS the rub. As Nixon, through Connally, seeks an intangible momentum from superfluous popular votes, he risks the loss of an important senator. Tower is a Nixon regular, always there when the President needs him for foreign-policy punch-ups with Senate doves. As third-ranking Republican on the Armed Services Committee he is an indispensable advocate of the new weapons systems which may save the President from the designs of his own arms-control negotiators.

Tower's importance was illustrated last summer when the Armed Services Committee voted on an amendment that would have retarded development of the Trident submarine. Tower helped defeat the amendment on an 8 to 8 tie. The amendment was offered by the lowest-ranking Democrat on the Committee—Connally's best friend in Washington, Sen. Lloyd Bentsen (Tex.).

After the Inaugural Ball, when Washington is ankle deep in slush and four long years stretch ahead, the President will be thankful that he has loyal soldiers like Tower in the Senate. And if Tower is not there, and the President wonders why, he can see the reason across the table in Cabinet meetings, where Secretary of Whatever Connally will be sitting. □

Mr. Fredericks is a long-time observer of the Texas political scene.

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ELECTION '72

Are Jews Converting to—Republicans?

EDWARD S. BOYLAN

IT SEEMS CLEAR that, come November 7, hundreds upon thousands of Jews will be violating the Eleventh Commandment: Thou shalt not vote Republican. The portents are readily available for all to see. Though Nixon received approximately 15 per cent of the votes cast by Jews in 1968, a recent *New York Times* poll of the tri-state area (New York, New Jersey, Connecticut) showed Jewish voters splitting in the following proportions: Nixon 33 per cent, McGovern 47 per cent, undecided 19 per cent. Beyond the polls, several prominent Jewish leaders have endorsed the President's re-election bid. Contrary to most political endorsements, these are significant. They lend an aura of respectability to voting Republican. Their value is attested to by the recent warnings of Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg, president of the American Jewish Congress, and David B. Blumberg, president of the B'nai B'rith, that American Jewish leaders should refrain from endorsing candidates for the Presidency. Strangely, the wisdom of political neutrality was never apparent all the years that only Democratic aspirants were being favored.

To test the accuracy of the polls, I asked a friend, a lawyer both active in and knowledgeable of political goings on: "How is McGovern doing?" "Well," he responded, "I've asked a lot of people, Jews and non-Jews. One out of two who voted for Humphrey in 1968 tell me they are voting for Nixon."

This defection of Jewish voters from the fold has been a source of much concern to Democrats. McGovern has made a number of statements aimed at recapturing the disenchanted. If one were to judge by current pronouncements, Israel could have no stauncher friend. For example: "We must do whatever is necessary to insure the continued existence of Israel." Presumably this means bombing Cairo (or even Moscow!) if "necessary."

Many explanations for the shift in Jewish sentiment have been given. Nixon has strongly supported Israel in the past two years. While he would not be garnering Jewish votes if he were shipping Phantom jets to Cairo instead of Tel Aviv, this is not the complete answer. The commentator coming closest to the real explanation is Professor Seymour Martin Lipset. Writing in *New York* Magazine, he explains that "the seeming shift away from . . . fidelity to liberal and Democratic candidates has a variety of causes. Basically Jews . . . face a situation in which liberal and left groups increasingly pursue politics that *appear* to undercut Jewish interests." (Italics added.) Professor Lipset, however, cannot make the final existential leap to ultimate truth. He cannot admit that current "liberal" causes actually are unfavorable to Jewish interests.

GROWING numbers of Jews, however, are realizing that fact. What the polls are reflecting is not a "shift to the right" or a sudden surge of affection for President Nixon. They reflect a deep conviction that McGovern advocates positions and policies that are highly unfavorable to Jewish interests.

Perhaps the focal point of Jewish distrust of McGovern is his questionable support for Israel. While he may now proclaim his fidelity to Israel's cause, the knowledge that the Senator is "1,000 per cent" behind Israel is not completely reassuring. For McGovern has a past record of statements which present a far different picture, one that is hard to forget.

One key item on the docket is the McGovern record on "jets for Israel." Back in 1970, in order to induce Israel to accept various American peace initiatives, the United States held up all major Israeli arms requests. A number of senators, among them George McGovern, wrote a highly publicized letter to President Nixon, urging that the embargo on shipping Phantom jets to Israel be lifted. Senator McGovern, when speaking to Jewish groups, now recalls how he had to "force" President Nixon to send jets to Israel. What he doesn't usually mention is that a week or so later, most likely in response to pressure from his New Left, anti-Israel supporters, he "clarified" his position. The United States should insist that any Phantoms sent be used only for "defensive purposes." For McGovern even to contemplate that the world's most sophisticated fighter-bomber be used strictly for defense demonstrates profound ignorance on a number of levels. Moreover, one must appreciate the historical context in which the statement was made. The "war of attrition" along the Suez Canal was at its height. Vastly outnumbered in (Soviet-supplied) artillery pieces, Israel responded to heavy Egyptian shelling by using its planes as "flying artillery." Using Phantoms merely for "defensive purposes" would have meant the planes would have been used only over Israeli territory, ensuring that Egypt would win the war of attrition. Israel would have had to pull back its forces either to some midway point in the Sinai, or to its original boundaries. One should mention, in all fairness, that McGovern later issued a "clarification" to his "clarification." This was that while the United States should give Phantoms to Israel with the proviso that they be used only for defensive purposes, the United States should take no action if the Israelis did use them offensively. And so the matter rests, unless he has clarified his latest pronouncement. Regardless of semantic nuances, McGovern is clearly on record as attaching serious strings to military aid to Israel.

In addition, McGovern has voted against joint military appropriation bills which provided military aid to Israel. "Misleading," respond McGovern apologists. The bills McGovern voted against contained aid to such countries as Greece, South Vietnam and Cambodia. While voting against these bills, McGovern was sponsoring legislation to provide military aid to Israel alone. These actions, however, illustrate where Israel stands in importance in George

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McGovern's mind. For, given the choice between aiding Israel and denying aid to Greece, Cambodia etc., the worthy Senator thought it more important to deny aid to Greece et al. than to give it to Israel.

The clearest example of how McGovern has shifted positions are his statements on the status of Jerusalem. Back in 1970, he thought that perhaps "internationalization" was the solution. Nowadays, he is promising to move the American Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. While such a move would be welcomed by the Israeli government, which would like to see more nations accept a united Jerusalem as the capital of Israel, it would also worsen U.S. relations with the Arab nations and do little to bring about a meaningful settlement in the Middle East.

As one might expect, explanations are available. South Dakota, a small farm state, is not overcrowded with Jews; hence, McGovern is not so sensitive to Jewish issues. But South Dakota is not blessed with an overabundance of blacks, either. Yet, Senator McGovern seems highly sensitive to issues of concern to the black community. That McGovern is educable is of small consolation. Educability, after all, is a two-way street. The positions of his staff and supporters are valuable in predicting who will be providing the lessons. Frank Mankiewicz, perhaps McGovern's senior adviser, has stated that the United States may have to impose a settlement in the Middle East. Another key aide, Rick Stearns, was busy in 1967 signing pro-Arab newspaper advertisements. Interestingly, he has not recanted his former views. The situation had changed, he claimed, when the Russians were ensconced in Egypt. Shall we then presume that he will be returning to his pro-Arab stance, now that Sadat has ousted the Russians? Moreover, among the ranks of the McGovern supporters, one finds a whole assortment of left-wing, anti-Israel types; e.g., I. F. Stone, J. William Fulbright, the editors of *Ramparts*. They, too, believe in the educability of George McGovern and treat his current pro-Israel stance as a temporary aberration. Indeed, M. T. Mehdi, chief propagandist for the Arab cause in the United States, has endorsed the McGovern candidacy. McGovern refused the endorsement and claimed it was all a Republican plot. To the best of my knowledge, though, he has not renounced *Ramparts* and other New Left support.

It is the policies advocated by the Senator for the future and their implications for Israel which are of true concern. In particular, the sharp cuts McGovern would make in the Defense Department budget are bound to affect adversely Israel's military position. We live in an interrelated world, and actions in one area can have far-reaching implications in other areas. For example, the McGovern defense budget, would reduce the number of aircraft carriers from sixteen to six. This would adversely affect the strength of the Sixth Fleet, the most visible American presence in the Middle East. The slash would also affect development of new weaponry, such as the F-15, needed to match recent Soviet deployments. True, the Soviet Union is more or less persona non grata in Egypt today. But what if a coup places a pro-Soviet clique in command and the Russians return in force? Will the United States be *able* to give Israel the military aid it will then need to respond to the threat? Most likely not, under a McGovern defense budget. To many Jews "Come Home, America" means to retreat behind a nuclear Maginot Line which may provide protection for the United States, but which is of little comfort to its allies.

But should Jews vote primarily on the basis of who would be better for Israel? A typically Jewish reply would be "why not?" The desire for Jewish return to the Holy Land is centuries old; perhaps the single most important goal of Judaism. "If I forget thee, Jerusalem, may my right hand wither" was a pledge made in all seriousness. Now that the wish has become reality, the ties between Jews and the land of Israel have grown, if anything.

Some Jewish leaders are afraid to admit the obvious for fear of reviving the "dual loyalty" issue; that American Jews put the interests of Israel above the interests of the United States. Clearly, in the past four years, Richard Nixon has felt it to be in America's best interests strongly to support the state of Israel. American Jews should have the right to hold similar views without having their integrity questioned.

Moreover, there are a host of other issues where McGovern advocates positions disadvantageous to Jews. Foremost among them is the replacement of the merit system of appointments by some variant of a quota system, which would primarily favor blacks and women. Quota, of course, is a dirty word. Everyone is against quotas. But one of the first pledges McGovern made after gaining the nomination was to say he would appoint women, blacks and Chicanos to his cabinet and to the Supreme Court in relation to their percentage of the general population. Where does this leave the Jews, who comprise 3 per cent of the American populace? McGovern's chief economic advisers, Professors Kuh and Galbraith of Harvard, have proposed that large corporations fill high-paying posts with women, blacks etc. in accordance with their percentage in the community where the corporation is located. McGovern's income redistribution plans would also affect the Jewish community adversely. Jews probably have the highest average income of any American ethnic group. Though there are many indigent Jews, the net effect of income redistribution would be income redistributed away from the Jewish community.

A lesser, but still important, example of McGovern's insensitivity to Jewish interests is his co-sponsorship of legislation that would make a charitable contribution deductible only if the money was used predominantly in the United States. This would have affected contributions to United Jewish Appeal, as well as to various Catholic and Protestant missionary and relief organizations, to say nothing of CARE and UNICEF. It was six weeks before Senator Gaylord Nelson, responding to a letter in the *New York Times*, explained that it was all an "oversight." Moreover, "there was no intention . . . by the bill's sponsors to discourage charitable aid abroad." Of course not; they thought it would encourage such aid.

With such a record one might expect Jewish support for Nixon to be higher than 35 per cent. Several factors are likely to hold down Jewish support. Loyalty to the Democratic Party is deeply ingrained. And there is widespread personal antipathy to Richard Nixon, based primarily on his pre-presidential record. He has reversed U.S. policy on China and the Soviet Union, could he not also reverse it on Israel

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NEWS MEDIA AT WAR . . .

Against South Vietnam

CHARLES W. WILEY

FOR A FEW WEEKS in early April, Anloc was headline news ("Copters Ferry More Saigon Troops into Anloc," "U.S. Adviser Predicts End of Anloc Siege"). Why should this small city (fewer than 17,000) so entrance the major news media in this country? Perhaps it was going to be the capital the North Vietnamese sought to establish in South Vietnam? Perhaps it was a vital link to supply lines? None of these explanations seemed to suffice. The reason this, the capital of the smallest province in South Vietnam, was headline news was simply that it was under North Vietnamese attack.

When the battle was over and the North Vietnamese withdrew, Anloc faded from the news like yesterday's weather. One of the first rules in covering the war in Indochina seems to be that what the Communists attack or capture is important, while what we (the U.S. or South Vietnam) successfully defend or recapture is not.

This was one of the reasons for my fourth trip to Vietnam last May on behalf of the National Committee for Responsible Patriotism and the Committee to Unite America. There were others. A review of the first two months of the Communist invasion exposed certain contradictions that could not be ignored. Between 120- and 150-thousand combat troops, led by long columns of huge Soviet-made tanks, moved into South Vietnam from three directions behind rolling artillery barrages. The attack was followed by continuous reports of the South Vietnamese Army (ARVN) "running," "retreating" and being "routed." But a check of the map did not tally with this bleak picture. The deepest penetration into South Vietnam by the invading Communist legions was less than 35 miles. Hardly a blitzkrieg. The North Vietnamese did not capture a single major city.

After visiting the four major areas of the country, my judgment is that news coverage of the war has seriously misled the American people. The glass is nearly always half-empty; seldom half-full. The slanting is not confined simply to accenting the negative. Added to this is colorful reporting of unpleasant factors and events. There are pictures—visual and descriptive—of each defeat, so graphic they are burned into the minds of the public.

The coverage of the tremendous South Vietnamese victory at Anloc is a case in point. *Time* Magazine played up the physical devastation to the town, and ended on a downbeat: "But for the foreseeable future, Anloc is dead. . . . Perhaps the best that can be said is that the city died bravely, and that—in a year that included the fall of Quangtri and Tancanh—is no small achievement." *Newsweek* was able to find an "American officer" who had something disheartening to say: " 'Anloc, as costly as it was, can probably be considered an ARVN victory. But this thing is not over yet. The next enemy target may be Saigon itself.' "

South Vietnamese victories are almost always reported with qualifications. "The South Vietnamese are advancing, *but* are taking serious casualties," or "*but* observers fear that they may be falling into a trap," etc. It's "the North Vietnamese are still holding part of the city" instead of "the South Vietnamese have captured most of the city." While South Vietnamese "retreat," "run" or are "routed," Communists "withdraw," "regroup" or "melt away." South Vietnamese forces are either "stalled" or "bogged down." But two months after the Communist failure to take Anloc, it was the South Vietnamese relief column, not the Reds, who were "bogged down" and "stalled." The "enemy" doesn't exist for United Press International (UPI). Instructions have been given to avoid that term in referring to Hanoi.

A double standard is used in describing the ability of the individual fighting man. There are no ARVN heroes. The Vietnamese Marines come closest to being presented as heroic, but only in general terms. They are rarely personalized. The Vietnamese Air Force (VNAF) receives little credit for its achievements. Until the all-out invasion from the North, VNAF was flying 90 per cent of all tactical air combat missions within South Vietnam—a fact almost totally unknown in the United States. One South Vietnamese pilot, with whom I flew on an attack mission over Quangtri province, had won the U.S. Silver Star for bravery in saving a downed American pilot behind enemy lines. Had they publicized men like Colonel De, the public's view of our Vietnamese allies—and the war itself—could be very different.

Recently, the coverage on the battlefield has improved, but when the South Vietnamese began to dominate that arena, the emphasis on the reportage suddenly changed. The media was saturated with claims of innocent North Vietnamese suffering from American bombing.

BECAUSE MOST of the slanting is by emphasis, choice of words etc., it is usually difficult to document. Recently, however, I got hold of a document that shows the kind of pressure brought to bear on some correspondents in Vietnam. The following instructions were sent over the wires of Reuters news agency by a client newspaper. The editor in question cabled his Saigon bureau chief on April 25:

> IN VIEW OF RAPIDLY WORSENING VIETNAM SITUATION EDITOR WANTS YOU TO GIVE TOP PRIORITY TO BIG PIECE ON THE PLIGHT OF SAIGON. HE SEES IT AS BERLIN TYPE SITUATION WITH RED FORCES CLOSING IN FROM ALL SIDES. THE CITY BUILT UP ON AMERICAN MONEY WHERE ONE COULD BUY ANYTHING FROM A MISSILE TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. NOW THE WHOLE INFRASTRUCTURE LIKELY TO BE DISMANTLED. DAVID WANTS GOOD HARD COLOR PACKED COPY WHICH WOULD MAKE SPREAD. REPEAT MUST BE SERIOUS BUT PERHAPS CYNICAL TO MATCH MOOD OF NATION FACING DEFEAT AND MOOD OF NIXON IN ALMOST HOPELESS DILEMMA.

Shades of John Kenneth Galbraith and his famous Tet prediction. □

Mr. Wiley is a radio and TV newsman and independent candidate for the U.S. Senate in New Jersey.

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SHH!

About That 'Secret Plan'

JOHN D. LOFTON JR.

Now, four years after Candidate Nixon announced that he had a "secret plan" to end the war, we are dropping more bomb tonnage than ever. (George McGovern, full-page ad, the *Washington Post*, headlined "The Truth about Vietnam Now," Sept. 13, 1972.)

. . . Mr. Nixon—when he campaigned —said, "I've got a secret plan to bring peace to Vietnam." (Sargent Shriver at a rally in Queens, Sept. 22, 1972.)

. . . I'm afraid that Richard Nixon will be so mad after he loses that he won't tell us about that secret plan to end the war anyway. (Sen. Edward Kennedy campaigning for George McGovern in Detroit, Michigan, Sept. 12, 1972.)

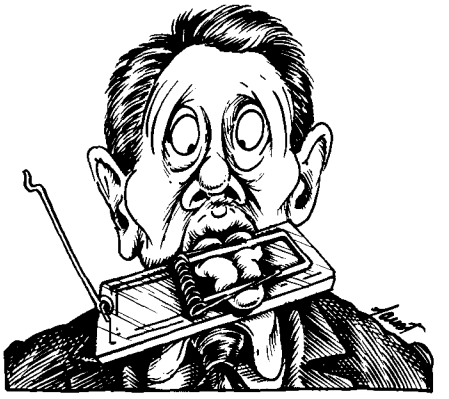
The story of his [Nixon's] diplomatic maneuvering to settle the war began four years ago with his campaign promise of a "secret plan" to end the war. (Syndicated columnist Jack Anderson, the *Washington Post*, Sept. 1, 1972.)

GEORGE MCGOVERN, Sargent Shriver, Teddy Kennedy and Jack Anderson are just a few of the many people who, over the past few years, have erroneously asserted that candidate Richard Nixon said in 1968 that he had a "secret plan" or "plan" to end the war in Vietnam.

The earliest reference in my files to an alleged "plan" to end the war is a column by Anthony Lewis of the *N.Y. Times* written in October 1969. In response to my request for his source for the quote, Mr. Lewis replied: "I think you have caught me in a mistake. The truth is that I wrote out of the same general impression that so many people seem to have. But I have now checked back through our files and agree with you that I can not find the precise phrase 'a plan' in what Mr. Nixon said in 1968."

Expressing gratitude for my having called attention to his mistake, Lewis concluded: "Your thorough search convinces me that we are laboring under a misapprehension."

Approximately a year later, continuing to labor under the misapprehension conceded by Lewis, the *N.Y. Times* editorially attacked President Nixon on October 1, 1970, charging, among other things, that he was elected after announcing that he had a "plan" to end the war. Responding to a query as to what was being quoted, John Oakes, editor of the editorial page of the *Times*, argued that the sense of the sentence was "basically correct" but "it was doubtless an error to put the word



in quotes and if that is what you want me to admit, I am glad to do so, and to state that it won't appear that way in this context again."*

In addition to its appearance in the *Times*, the spurious Nixon "secret plan" or "plan" quote also popped up in other places: an article in the *Congressional Quarterly* (Oct. 30, 1970); a speech by Sen. Edmund Muskie while campaigning in Cedar Rapids, Iowa (*Des Moines Register*, Jan. 19, 1972); a Garry Wills column (*Baltimore Sun*, Jan. 28, 1972); a *N.Y. Post* editorial (Feb. 7, 1972); alluded to by NBC commentator Edwin Newman in the same month in an editorial broadcast; former JFK aide Theodore Sorensen, in a column for the *N.Y. Times* (April 12, 1972); referred to by *N.Y. Times* Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter Neil Sheehan in a National Public Affairs Center for Television special report on *The President in Vietnam* (April 26, 1972); a column by the *Washington Star*'s Mary McGrory (May 2, 1972); and by Minnesota Gov. Wendell Anderson on *Meet the Press* (June 5, 1972).

Others who have spread the mythical quote include: *Chicago Daily News* Washington bureau chief Peter Lisagor on *Meet the Press* (July 16, 1972); the *N.Y. Times* again in an editorial, although the words, secret plan, this time were not in quotes (July 18, 1972); Sen. Thomas Eagleton on *Meet the Press* (July 24, 1972); Republican Rep. Paul McCloskey in a news conference in Miami Beach (*N.Y. Post*, Aug. 23, 1972); the Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) in an anti-Nixon brochure mailed in September of this year; I. F. Stone, in the *N.Y. Review of Books* (Sept. 21, 1972); and last but certainly not least, the holder of both the indoor and outdoor world's record as regards the purveying of misinformation of all types, Senator Hubert Humphrey speaking at a luncheon for George McGovern in Los Angeles (Sept. 27, 1972).

Editorial cartoonists have also perpetuated the phony Nixon quote. On at least four occasions, the *Washington Post*'s resident doodler, Herblock, has prominently featured the "secret plan" quote in his drawings as has the *Chicago Daily News*' syndicated cartoonist, John Fischetti; the *Miami News*' Don Wright; the *L.A. Times*' Conrad; the *Boston Globe*'s Szep; and the *Minneapolis Star*'s Justus.

Most inquiries to those quoting the bogus "secret plan" phrase have gone unanswered indicating that for reasons known only to themselves, they prefer to keep their source of the non-quote secret. Some, however, have answered but none of those replying have come up with a specific citation of time or place.

For example, I. F. Stone, supposedly one of the most thorough investigative

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*Despite Mr. Oakes' assurance to the contrary, the *Times* continues to allude to the so-called plan. *Times* Washington bureau chief Max Frankel on Sept. 3, 1972, led a Sunday piece: "President Nixon's celebrated but never really stated four-year 'plan' to resolve the nation's agony in Vietnam was, in fact, a three-tiered strategy aimed at that pivotal day of reckoning, Nov. 7, 1972."

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END OF THE LINE

In July the intellectuals took over the Democratic Party. It is no longer a people's party, says the author, and if the current ideologues stay in charge it could become a seedbed for authoritarianism in America

Democrats versus Democracy

LEWIS S. FEUER

THE LEFT HAS always bred a special kind of Tartuffery: Those who base their appeal for votes on the argument that they represent "a higher morality" rather than their opponents, emerge ignominious when their practice belies them. The McGovernite delegate from the *Village Voice* reported ruefully a series of incidents at the 1972 Democratic Convention: A New York reformer offered three prostitutes to his friends, then rose the next morning to deliver a speech in a caucus denouncing sexism and male chauvinism; the gallery passes of "guilty" New York liberals were turned over to the National Welfare Rights Organization—later, the staff of that organization could be seen selling them for a good profit; McGovern, of course, would not accept a plank to legalize marijuana, but, reported the *Voice*, "there was enough grass to satisfy Man O'War. . . ." The New York delegation, now that the McGovernites were in control, were demanding "loyalty oaths," once anathema to the Left. "It seems it's a short route from Gene to Joe," wrote one disillusioned leftist, but, after all, is this not a route that intellectuals in politics have been taking for a long time?

The 1972 Democratic Convention was the first in American history that could be called the "Convention of the Intellectuals." Far from being the founding-place of a new people's party, Miami saw the transformation of the Democratic into the Intellectuals' Party. A common denominator linked such disparate personalities as Arthur Schlesinger and Abbie Hoffman: Both looked to academic intellectuals for their backing. In George McGovern, the only PhD in the United States Senate, and, much more important, a man congealed in 1948 Wallaceite vintage, the author

of a thesis which conveyed the emotions of the "revolt against capitalism," a William Jennings Bryan, though without the silver tongue, they found a natural candidate.

We are told—and, on the face of it, it seems correct—that a set of protest groups has replaced the old Roosevelt coalition of organized labor, Southerners, Jews and liberal intellectuals. In 1972, the argument goes, a new coalition of youth, women, blacks and Chicanos has come to the fore; a new populism has been born.

What this argument overlooks entirely is that a protest group differs essentially from a natural class, a trade union or a farmers' association. Whatever the cause it advocates, a protest group is a small circle of activist intellectuals, semi-intellectuals and marginal types in search of popular support, a "mass base." The mass base is, of course, always *claimed*—student activists pretend to represent the views of all students; women's liberationists claim to speak for all women.

'Intellectuals'

Whatever the populist rhetoric of the conventioneers, virtually every press account stressed that the intellectuals were in the saddle. A professor of urban affairs at the City University of New York, Richard C. Wade, was described as "the closest thing to a leader the New York delegation has," and the conduit for transmitting the McGovern "word" to the delegates. After the Convention he was described as devoting himself "virtually full time" to healing the rifts that developed: "He has spoken to Mayor Lindsay and forty of the state's 62 Democratic county leaders." In what profession other than the academic could a person have the opportunity to engage in "full time" political activity while enjoying one's full salary? One watched the Platform Committee in session and in report, and to be sure, the benign face of a Harvard professor of political science beamed as chairman of the proceedings. A young student from Queens College was described as leader of the McGovern campaign in that borough. A student from Middlebury College was said to be the moving force in the Vermont delegation. A hundred intellectuals were planning and plotting the books they would write if a kindly Mother History brought McGovern to the Presidency,

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and themselves to the White House and Washington staffs.

The common bond of the intellectuals surmounted old differences. Arthur Schlesinger began his political writings more than twenty years ago by attacking the Henry Wallaceites and defending the "vital center." In 1952, for instance, he assailed those he called "the New York intellectuals," who, he said, were possessed by a "Popular Front psychology" and were a world away from the New Dealers. "The New York intellectuals," he wrote, "knew nothing about the New Deal except how to live off the writers' and artists' projects of WPA." He characterized the psychology of the New York intellectuals: "The Popular Fronter luxuriated in guilt, dogma and the politics of the apocalypse." While the New Dealers, believing that recovery and reform were possible within a democratic capitalist society, were engaged in saving the system, "the New York intellectuals were paralyzed by the hysterical vision that democracy and capitalism were through. . . ." Much of this same psychology of "guilt, dogma and the politics of the apocalypse" prevailed among the intellectuals in Miami; there was a large contingent that was far more concerned with government largesse than ever were the WPA writers; and Arthur Schlesinger himself is now what he called a "New York intellectual."

McGovern Crowned

"Intellectuals" are predominantly young persons. When a man has spent some years at his craft or profession and has arrived at his life's philosophy, he ceases the restless generational searching characteristic of the "intellectual." It was thus noteworthy that the McGovernite campaign organization was predominantly composed of youth. Even in the managerial echelons in the fifty states, the median age of the campaign coordinators was twenty-eight. In New Hampshire, for instance, a student in her early twenties was running the campaign. A young man of 26 was regarded as the "organizational genius" who had managed the primary successes in Wisconsin and Nebraska; he was put in charge of Illinois while two of his assistants, of similar years, were in charge of Wisconsin and Michigan. The McGovernite youth managers were an elite with no ties in local communities. Their organizational principle was described as: "Never trust the locals," and was said to be "as old as the principle of 'local avoidance' in the Chinese imperial bureaucracy." The Chinese mandarins, it will be recalled, constituted a bureaucratic elite in an imperial despotism; they were scarcely democratic in their values.

In revealing bits of linguistic usage the McGovernite intellectuals tend to speak in non-democratic terms. The chief manager said jubilantly at Miami that the proceedings were more a "coronation" than a convention. When Senator Eagleton was de-nominated for the Vice Presidency, a rapid abandonment by the intellectuals of their advanced ideas, their spokesman justified the action by remarking that most of the American people still believe in witchcraft. The intellectuals shed their populist rhetoric with amazing rapidity.

Outside the Convention, several hundred young marginal intellectuals, Zippies, Yippies and hippies, were shouting: "Free Arthur Bremer, give him another chance." One of their leaders said Bremer should be sent back to school to learn to shoot straight. But the violence was all verbal. The Convention did remain orderly, and the intellectual chieftains took pride that there were no disruptions. Jerry Rubin explained why that was the case. He told a *Miami Herald* reporter: "We're working hard for McGovern and if he doesn't get the nomination, Ted Kennedy better or you won't be able to give this place away when we get done with it. . . . If George McGovern doesn't win the nomination, we are going to have Chicago right there on the Convention floor."

In short, the orderliness of the Convention was based on the fact that the opposition had already been crushed. Everybody approved when McGovern spoke directly to the Zippie-Yippie-hippie contingent (he never took them to task for condoning assassination). Indeed, it was expedient for McGovern to have a friendly meeting with the Kids, for they have served him well as shock troops. Throughout this campaign, and in 1968 as well, it was these marginal intellectuals who made it impossible for Hubert Humphrey to speak on university campuses; as far back as 1965 they obliged Henry Kissinger to appear at a university seminar as if he were at an underground meeting. The McGovernite university delegates could claim to represent a majority of their fellow students, yet a Gallup poll (July 22) showed a plurality of the far greater number of youth without higher education favoring President Nixon. The Democratic conception of youth made it coextensive with young intellectuals.

Biology Counts!

The rise of the intellectual elite to power in the Democratic Party was made possible by the work of the McGovern Reform Commission. It set down new percentage quotas for delegations to the National Convention, for women, youth and blacks. A basic change was effected in the Democratic Party; we might call it the change from economics to biology. From Jefferson to Roosevelt, the Democratic Party had responded to the needs of economic classes: farmers, mechanics, wage-earners, shopkeepers, craft workers, industrial workers; their representation in the party never depended on assigned quotas. Labor unions, for instance, acquired significance, especially in Roosevelt's time, through the normal party processes. It required no change of rules for several hundred trade unionists to be selected as delegates to Roosevelt conventions.

The McGovernite Party, on the other hand, makes biological criteria most significant: age, sex and race. The axiom of liberalism, as John Stuart Mill once stated it, was to abolish the aristocracies of race and sex. But this was to be achieved not by quotas in Parliament to correspond to proportions in the population, but by extending the franchise to allow all to choose equally. Representation through quotas is justified in only one circumstance: when the group in question is the object of such hatred that it can never hope to elect persons of its own choice. Thus, the British were concerned in India with the representation of the "untouchables" in the provincial legislatures, fearing that without scheduled quotas they could never have their interests articulated. Had the great numbers of youth or women felt that access to the Democratic Party was denied them? Had the American Negro, after the significant elections of mayors in several large American cities and success in voter registration arrived at the conclusion that his lot in the American system would always fail to reward his

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qualifications and achievements so that only a quota, placing him permanently in a category (implicitly a second-class status), could rescue him?

A quota system of age, sex and color can be defended only on the assumption that such categories are exploited in the United States, and that the existing party structure can never remedy the exploitation. But to the average American, the college student seems among the least exploited persons in the United States. His education is subsidized by the people at large; he enjoys years of pleasant reading, discussion and social life; his family usually helps support him; he will earn a higher salary. By economic criteria, college students as a group probably extract more "surplus value" from the workers than any other in the nation. But with the assigned quota their cardinal place in the Convention was assured.

Actually, of course, although the reformers aimed to constitute a biologically representative sample of Americans, they failed altogether to be economically representative. Some 50 per cent of the American people earn less than $10,000 a year; yet only 18 per cent of the delegates were in this category; only 5 per cent of the American people earn $25,000, or over, yet as many as 31 per cent of the delegates enjoyed such incomes. The McGovernites answer that an affluent lawyer can represent the interest of the poorer person. To which one answers: Cannot a man of 35 understand the problems of a youth?

But it was scarcely the logic of the representation of the community which was involved. Rather it is the case that an "intellectual" group seeking power in our society now looks to biological rather than economic groups. The workingmen have their own organizations, and distrust the intellectuals. Hence, it is to fellow intellectuals, primarily among students and women, that they must turn. The political philosophy is written to rationalize the only path available for the intellectual's access to power.

The conventioneers in their haste to enthrone the young intellectuals sometimes became ludicrous. A young McGovernite woman, 24-years-old, demanded to be made vice chairman of the Platform Committee to represent youth, "an oppressed minority." The Committee rushed to oblige. Then, on television, she spoke about "child molesting," and, according to the *Village Voice*, gave "the most rotten, bigoted speech of the whole Convention." The perils of juvenocracy.

An American workingman would not have felt among his own at the Democratic Convention. The young intellectuals and their elder fellow travelers have accepted in large measure the hippie indictment of civilization, the hippie conception of the "quality of life," and above all, the hippie assault on the "work ethic." To the workingman, as to working people in all ages, the ethic of work has nothing to do with Protestantism. No man is so disliked in a shop or factory as the one who is sloppy and indifferent to his craft, mocks others' work, makes it harder for others; workingmen among themselves admire the man who is faithful to his craft. A strike is simply a total cessation of work, but while work is going on it usually commands a communal respect. Sabotage and wastefulness have been the tactics of only the smallest minority among workers. Intellectuals sing the IWW songs of sabotage, not workers.

To workingmen watching the Democratic Convention, it seemed indeed that the anti-work crowd had taken over. Marx and Engels, many years ago, called the latter the "lumpenproletariat," and Engels in writing of these anti-work devotees of his time lost his accustomed urbanity: "The lumpenproletariat, this scum of the decaying elements of all classes, which establishes headquarters in all the big cities, is the worst of all possible allies. It is an absolutely venal, an absolutely brazen crew. . . . Every leader of the workers who utilizes these gutter-proletarians as guides or supports proves himself by this action alone a traitor to the movement." The working people in the Middle Ages cannot have admired those mendicant friars who took the vow of poverty, and then lived by begging from others. Nor does the workingman today feel any differently concerning their successors; he feels uneasy with a presidential candidate who strangely uses the language of begging. Thorstein Veblen used to write of the "instinct of workmanship." It is this instinct which the workingmen feel is somehow violated by the new "intellectuals" and their auxiliaries in the McGovernite Party.

For Jewish voters especially,—the forthcoming election will mark the "end of ideology." In great numbers they will abandon their traditional role as the liberal Left in the Democratic Party, and vote for the Republican candidate.

Since the McGovern Convention there has set in what might be called the Henry Wallace phenomenon. Wallace, as candidate of the Progressive Party, always had the biggest, most enthusiastic "mass" meetings, with more actresses and intellectuals than Harry Truman could dream of. But the "mass meetings" were also close to his maximum strength; the number of people who voted for Wallace was almost equal to the number of Wallace activists. Truman spoke to meetings that were sometimes pathetically deserted, yet the majority of the people voted for him. After the Convention, Senator McGovern had to face the problem: Having won the Democratic nomination through the pressure of "protest groups," how could he win the support of a majority which felt unrepresented? An oscillation between extremist rhetoric and apologetic withdrawal began with the removal of Senator Eagleton. McGovern, who had threatened to bolt the party if not nominated who ridiculed Mayor Daley of Chicago as staging a Custer's last stand, and called Lyndon Johnson immoral, was getting out all the Sioux peace pipes and preparing to be a Sitting Bull from South Dakota smoking amiably with the Custer from Chicago.

'Seedbed for . . .

The Democratic Party was once a people's party; it has become instead a populist party. There is a world of difference between these two conceptions. It corresponds to the difference between a working-class party and a socialist one, or between a party concerned with national independence and a nationalist one. The one is concerned with people's interests, as they themselves define them on the basis of their own experience; the second is founded on an ideology defined by intellectuals who purport to articulate the unconscious wishes of the group. A people's party, a working-class party, is usually indifferent to ideology, and skeptical of ideologists. They have accommodated readily to representative democracy. But an ideological party—populist or Marxist—has always been the seedbed for authoritarianism and contempt for the democratic process. [

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VISIT TO WASHINGTON

The Story on Agnew's Staff

NEAL B. FREEMAN

A FEW MONTHS AGO I reviewed a pair of books on Spiro Agnew for this journal. The response from the reading public was as you would expect non-electric. My office was flooded with two letters, one of them from the only daughter of my maternal grandmother. From the Office of the Vice President of the United States, however, I heard not once, not twice but three times that Agnew's staff was "upset" by the piece.

Needless to say, my flabber was gasted. I had not intended to draw blood from the Vice President. More pertinent, I had no idea that it was within my power to do so. But there it was, Agnew's staff was upset over what one of them described with wild inaccuracy as an attack on their boss.

My curiosity was aroused. Who is on Agnew's staff and why are they saying those terrible things about me? I could not recall having read anything about them and my files were unrevealing. Save for an occasional mention of Victor Gold, the crackerjack press secretary, there was nothing. Moreover I could not locate anyone in my journalistic circles who knew more than one or two members of a staff which by this time must number a dozen principals. Perhaps there was a story here.

As a starter I called five friends on the White House staff, the senior staff. Who is the most important figure on the Agnew staff, I asked. Whom should I talk to? I received five different replies: Herb Thompson, Arthur Sohmer, C. D. Ward, Cynthia Rosenwald, Vic Gold. I began with Vic with whom I have had a few pleasant contacts through the years. By mail and later by telephone I informed him that I would be doing a piece on the Agnew staff and asked for his cooperation. His first question was, "Why do you want to do anything on the staff?"—not the instinctive response of a born publicity-seeker. I explained, and he offered to help. (My task was simplified when he told me that Mrs. Rosenwald, the Baltimore housewife with the lapidary speechwriting style, had departed the staff three years ago.) Vic rattled off the roster of current staffers and I indicated which ones I would like to see on an upcoming trip to Washington. He agreed.

I arrived in Washington on Tuesday, September 12 and began telephoning to confirm my appointments. Art Sohmer was too busy to see me. Roy Goodearle, the political chief, was hung up but I could see C. D. Ward on Thursday. Vic was available Wednesday, as was Dr. Jean Spencer, the head of research. Marsh Thompson, the foreign policy man, had been reassigned to another office while General "Mike" Dunn, his superior, was unavailable. David Keene, second in command of the political operation, was terribly busy, and speechwriter John Coyne didn't "mean to be rude" but had to "run." I should have known what was coming when these two old friends of *NR* dodged a friendly interview, but curiosity had the better of me. When I arrived for my appointment with Dr. Spencer: canceled. My appointment with C. D. Ward: canceled. With Vic Gold: canceled. By this time even your thick-skinned correspondent was getting the message. All very polite, but emphatically off-putting.

I HAD other things to do in Washington, but I decided to camp in Vic Gold's office until I could confront him personally. (It should be noted that Washington *is* a very busy town but like any other town it can find time when it wants to. During four days there I saw on other business: the editor of the largest newspaper, the general manager of the largest television station, the head of a government agency, the man running the GOP presidential campaign and a dozen other busy people.) Vic and I finally got together for a couple of hours Thursday afternoon. I asked him if he knew how publicity shy his colleagues were. He answered with what for Vic is an abashed look, "Yeah, I heard." I remarked that he could have saved us both some time if he had simply denied my request in the first instance. He told me that he had not known how the staff would react. Vic sits at a desk labeled "Reliable Source" under a framed placard reading "Rock the Boat" and it is difficult to resist him.

I reiterated the position that the Agnew staff is and will continue to be a legitimate object of journalistic concern. In his roles as Vice President, standby President and leading presidential candidate, Agnew and the people around him must be prepared to endure public scrutiny of the most rigorous sort.

Vic then treated me to some of the footwork which has made him one of the most respected press secretaries in Washington. (It helps if you understand that Vic sweats, fights and bleeds for his boss. When Agnew is pinked by the press, Vic is personally *wounded*. This makes him after several years on the job the Mickey Mantle of press secretaries—all painkillers and Ace bandages.) Vic warms up the audience with a few atrocity stories; the vicious low-life press brutalizing the high-minded Veep. My favorite is that of the *Newsweek* man whom Vic picked up for part of Agnew's sweep through Africa. It was this unspeakable creature who reported that the Veep had relaxed in the Dark Continent by spectating at the copulation of two rhinos. In point of fact, notes an incredulous Vic, there were "35 other people there and many other animals who were—take it from me—not copulating." We agree that Agnew has had a rough press, beginning with the '68 campaign and continuing through three long years of the "Dump Agnew" micro-movement.

Vic now slides into a discourse on the passion for anonymity. The first ointment to attract flies was Eisenhower's staff and the biggest fly of all was Emmet John Hughes. His book, *The Ordeal of Power*, became the first in a long line of professional indiscretions which by the Seventies constituted a distinct literary genre. Doctors joined the act, and lawyers, and actors and athletes, all of them operating under the 007 license to Tell It like It Is. (The literary form may have reached its logical conclusion in Jim Bouton's *Ball Four*, in which Bouton chronicles the extramarital forays of his closest friends.) The fascination with staff really ignited during the Kennedy years

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when media glamor radiated from the Oval Office down through the strata of the appointive structure. Those staffers who bloomed in the media sunlight—the Schlesingers and Salingers—won nothing but contempt from Victor Gold. In his view they were self-starters who were out making speeches, leaking memos and—most damning of all—diverting attention from the only newsworthy man in the system, the President himself. Once liberated from anonymity, however, staffers in the White House, in the Veep's office and even on the Hill became spokesmen, sources and finally "personalities" in their own right. The trend is unhealthy, according to Vic, and he pledges that it will not infect the Agnew staff. (I learned later that at a staff meeting that very afternoon Agnew had announced that only three people will speak to the press for the duration of the campaign: Agnew himself, Gold and George White, head of the traveling staff.)

The analysis is persuasive and I have not done it justice here. But even in the unexpurgated original it is not convincing. Anybody who has watched a Henry Kissinger maneuver in the foreign policy area, or a Chuck Colson operate in a political context, must realize that enormous operational authority is delegated to presidential assistants these days. (By the dead-eye reckoning of Washington perquisites, "Chief of Staff" Bob Haldeman surpasses all. He now has *two* limousines in the White House motor pool.) These men are not nameless and faceless and they should not be. They have a strong and in some cases decisive voice in the formulation of national policy. Beyond that, they can determine to a great degree the impact of policy implementation through administrative control. Once again: it is of legitimate concern for us to know whether the Veep's staff is of presidential caliber. If the Vice President must be capable of assuming presidential burdens, so too must the staff upon whom he must rely.

Vic replies, God bless him, that if you believe Agnew is of presidential caliber then, by extension, so is his staff. Ouch. Vic is a reasonable man, though, and this theoretical outpost is soon abandoned. He finally concedes that my interest is legitimate but before I can move into that opening he gives me a grin he must save for rhino copulations: "So ask me anything about the staff."

I conclude wearily that I will now have to put together the story from clips and third-party sources and that he may not like the final result. Vic remains genial: He knows better than I that there are no clips.

The third-party route is painstaking and largely anecdotal, without bone structure. C. D. Ward, the house liberal, frequents the White House mess and is therefore widely known "across the street." (The Vice President and his staff are quartered in the Executive Office Building, across an alley from the White House.) General Dunn who wears civvies and holds a doctorate is regarded as one of the heavies on the staff. Art Sohmer, whose passion for anonymity is almost phobic, is the Haldeman of the staff and goes back twelve years with Agnew. Mel Grayson, a recent addition to the speechwriting staff, is an alumnus of *Look* Magazine whose last publisher (believe it or not) was a fire-breathing free-enterpriser. Dr. Spencer (she holds a PhD in political science) is taking some flak from her erstwhile academic colleagues at the University of Maryland. Peter Malatesta, the Veep's personal aide and the staff swinger, is Bob Hope's nephew—and so on. Just enough to pique the interest, not enough to satisfy it. A few tentative conclusions can be adduced nonetheless.

1. *The Agnew staff is defensive.* They have been burned by the press and they are wary of it. They intend to reduce contacts with the press to an absolute minimum during the campaign and quite possibly beyond. Vic Gold, for instance, admits to being "terrified of airports" where unstructured press encounters are sometimes unavoidable.

THIS defensiveness extends also to the White House. At least some of the Agnew staffers feel they were ill-used by the Nixon people in the 1970 campaign when Agnew, the heavy-duty drill, was worn down by overuse to a "dull, blunt instrument." The Agnew staff now emphasizes that major speeches are no longer conceived or drafted in the White House (an assertion to which top Nixon speechwriters Pat Buchanan and Bill Safire readily agree). The Agnew people also emphasize that there will be no White House watchdog in the campaign entourage this year. In 1970 there were four: Bryce Harlow, Martin Anderson, Buchanan and Safire.

Not surprisingly—but somewhat alarmingly—some members of the Agnew staff have been warmed by the response to the "New Agnew."

2. *The Agnew staff is protective.* When he is on tour the Veep will frequently gather his staff around him for cocktails and dinner. It makes for a comfortable evening and a close-knit staff but it is time that might better be spent with local politicians or businessmen, or working the telephones. The staff seems to like the present arrangement.

There is a touch of sycophancy, too. Unlike virtually every other office in Washington, the framed editorial cartoons in staff offices are flattering. The photographs are formal shots of Nixon and Agnew, a moonlit White House, ceremonial functions. The only magazine on the credenza is the *Economist* (though, as I hear indirectly from two staffers, the Veep's favorite magazines are *Commentary* and NATIONAL REVIEW). There is no irreverence here—except for the irrepressible Gold's office, which is littered with personal memorabilia. In guarding against a lapse in solemnity perhaps they are guarding against another "Fat Jap" remark, a levity that exploded into a national incident.

3. *The Agnew staff is highly loyal.* Vice President Johnson looked for brilliance and he sometimes got it (Harry McPherson, Walter Jenkins, George Reedy), along with a full set of personality problems. Vice President Humphrey, who was incapable of firing anybody, collected a raucous crowd of cronies. His last top-rank staff man, according to an old Washington hand, was Max Kampelman, who left Humphrey in the mid-Fifties. What Agnew has acquired—and presumably wants—is a staff totally dedicated to him and to him alone. One simply cannot imagine an Agnew staff in which a) one aide goes to the papers with a threat to quit unless his role is enlarged, b) another aide assigns himself a diplomatic mission to Paris, c) a third aide walks out when he loses a palace struggle for campaign funds, d) a fourth aide publishes a weekly campaign commentary under his own name, and e) a fifth aide goes on national TV to defend his own performance relative to that of his boss. The self-aggrandizing type—such as Messrs. Weil, Salinger, Thompson, O'Brien and Mankiewicz—will never find a home with Spiro T. Agnew. □

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LETTER FROM OTTAWA

An Election at Last

DONALD COXE

After a full year of false starts, the election campaign n Canada is on, with election day set or October 30. Thanks to George McGovern, it could be an interesting ace.

The importance of George McGovrn's candidacy to the prospects for an xciting Canadian election illustrates the roblem of operating an independent, utonomous country when more than 90 er cent of its populace are within ange of American television, and when ost Canadian-read magazines are pubished in the United States. If McGovrn were a credible candidate, it would e impossible to have a Canadian elecion this fall that would be anything ore than a sideshow to the great merican spectacle. As it is, the Canaian election looks like a better show his year, because the outcome is not ntirely clear. Even at that, newscasts ere are giving equal billing to the merican campaign.

At least four times in the past year, early everyone believed an election as imminent. With a coyness oddly t variance with his studied coolness, ierre Trudeau would hint at an elecon date, then change his mind. When e finally did call it, there was a naonal sigh of relief.

Trudeau's electoral wavering has oosted Tory hopes, already buoyed by ncouraging poll results. Unemployent and inflation both seem likely to urt the Liberals. Tory leader Robert tanfield is working to offset his stodgy nage. Campaigning in Ontario, he rought appreciative chuckles when he aid, "The newspapers have me cast as he tortoise to Mr. Trudeau's hare; hat's all right with me as long as they dmit that I'm the fastest turtle in the ast."

As the campaign opened, the Tories eemed to have had one great advanage—a weakened NDP (Socialist) hallenge. The NDP is divided between he ultras led by Melville Watkins (who vants to nationalize most American inestments in Canada without meaningful compensation), and the regulars who support party leader David Lewis (and who aren't so sure that nationalization is necessary). Lewis has degenerated in recent years from the once sparkling Socialist critic to the noisy mouthpiece of labor bosses who have made him one of Canada's wealthiest lawyers. He forfeited much of his public image by an indecorous attack on the independence of the judiciary during the recent Quebec general strike.

However, Lewis, reaching back into the years, has produced the most talked-about campaign slogan—"corporate welfare bums." He charges that the workingman is overtaxed because of tax concessions to big business. Using a farrago of statistics, Lewis has managed to confuse many voters. He is mounting a strong campaign, and at this writing he seems to have rallied the NDP troops. Since any NDP gains are likely to cut into the Tory vote, Lewis' massive coverage in the media is worrying Conservative strategists.

However, there is no doubt that the Tories have a real chance this year to force Trudeau into a coalition government. The Trudeau years have provided Stanfield with many important issues, if he brings them out.

One issue is Communism. A former Liberal cabinet minister has hinted at widespread subversion. Trudeau's defense and foreign policies have been characterized by sentimentalism about Communism and hostility toward the U.S., and the Premier has shown an appalling disregard for civil liberties and parliamentary processes. Yet Stanfield is not hitting these basic issues, but has chosen instead to base his campaign on the monetary policies the Liberals employed from 1969 to 1971. Stanfield says tight money has caused much of Canada's unemployment and he pledges that his government will never resort to stern monetary measures. The irony of the Stanfield strategy is that Trudeau deserves respect for his courage in sticking to limited monetary expansion for so long. The result has been the lowest inflation rate for Canada of any Western industrialized nation.

American conservatives looking at Trudeau's fiscal and monetary policies would undoubtedly find them vastly preferable to those pursued by their own government. In choosing to base his campaign on these policies, Stanfield has managed to pick on what is probably the finest of Trudeau's accomplishments. The slogan for Stanfield's misconceived campaign is, so help me, "Let's get this country moving again." This would be a weak enough cliché in any event, but when it is uttered by an austere, immobile, short, bald, aging man, it becomes ludicrous.

Stanfield can unseat Trudeau if he can break through in British Columbia and Ontario, while holding his strength in the prairies and in the Maritimes. Trudeau's 1968 election victory seemed so staggering (155 seats out of 264) that many observers overlooked the regional limitations to his "sweep." He took sixteen of the 23 BC seats, 64 out of 88 in Ontario, and 56 out of 74 in Quebec. In the seven small provinces and the Territories, Trudeau won only nineteen out of 79 seats. Ontario reelected its provincial Tory government in a landslide last October, and both the Tories and NDP look stronger in BC for this election. Trudeau has few problems with the Tories in his Quebec backyard, but the Social Credit, led by the redoubtable Réal Caouette, looks menacing.

These are the numbers that have worried Liberal strategists. Seeing Tory gains in Ontario and BC, and fearing Social Credit strength in Quebec, they counseled Trudeau to delay the election. The Liberal pros were probably needlessly concerned. Although Trudeau is no longer considered a Messiah, when compared with his competition, he looks like the best game in town to most voters. Those who worry about civil liberties, parliamentary government or Canada's attitude toward Communism will have to brood in solitude, because it looks as if Trudeau's opponents will not call him to account on these issues. It could be a golden opportunity lost. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

Universities as 'Therapeutic Communities'

At the end of the Second World War, the typical American university and college began to shift, only half consciously, from intellectual activity to psychiatric activity. Behemoth State University invited all comers—the veterans, the confused children of affluence, presently the "culturally disadvantaged" minority. Instead of disciplining their minds, which they distinctly didn't desire, the university began to minister to their feelings. But its ministry has been devoid of moral imagination and grossly permissive rather than integrating.

Such an institution no longer pays much attention to the works of the mind. I offer you some observations by a graduate student on a big campus in Ohio—which institution, says my correspondent, provides "a near-cretin cultural milieu." To such institutions go most of our students seeking education.

"Your reservations concerning universities with Popular Culture programs have been affirmed and justified," this student declares. "The Law of the Lowest Common Denominator prevails in classrooms; professors tend to be bourgeois tenure-hunting parasites who rely on worn notes or folksy largesse instead of intellect; administrators generally are political hacks with an interest in real estate. The intellectual range of my peers (except for a few brooding, shadowy figures given to inhabiting the darkest recesses of the more remote sectors of the library, and to lonely walks in abandoned cemeteries on cloudy days) is Neanderthal to merely academic, with only occasional flashes of anything resembling art; and there is little light. I am no longer shocked by this: I accept it as 'given,' and simply circumvent the institution, as you have recommended in the past, and as I have always done."

Amen to that. But if these "universities" with next to nothing for the mind have failed so dismally to impart right reason, why do legislatures and private benefactors continue to lavish upon them immense sums of money? Why, for one reason, because these institutions have assumed a new function—that of mental institutions of another sort, psychiatric hospitals.

This point is made more forcefully in an article, "The University as Therapeutic Community," published in the June number of *Change*, a journal of higher education. The authors of this mordant piece are a political scientist and an anthropologist, Professors Carl R. Vann and Philip Singer, connected with Allport College of Human Behavior, Oakland University.

The typical campus is something more than a day hospital for emotionally disturbed young people, Vann and Singer remark: "It has become a therapeutic community," where the emotionally disordered endeavor to comfort or lead other emotionally disordered folk, called students. "The resident student acts out his daily existence in the same manner as that of patients confined to psychiatric hospitals."

The blind lead the blind. "It is our impression . . . that many of the academic types most involved with the era of feelings are themselves part of a dysfunctional new class," Vann and Singer write. "Many are first-generation college graduates themselves, children of the GI Bill or of a new parental affluence which made it possible for them to attend a university. In some cases they have become academicians rather than small businessmen, floorwalkers, merchandise buyers or civil servants. They exhibit guilt because they are enjoying the leisure of the theory class. They possess the traditional problems of anxiety, insecurity and identity, expressing them through an attack on rational cognition, scholarly activity, tenure, the governance of the university and a concept of culture reflected in the traditional curriculum of the arts and sciences."

It is these "professors," professing little but muddled emotionalism, who politicize the university and reduce scholarship to "methodological trivia." Vietnam, Laos, the draft, and all that provide excuse for escape from the works of the mind into a muddled "therapy." "In his desire to become more identified with the student," Vann and Singer continue, "the professor has increasingly divested himself of his status, his rank, his role and his cognitive frames of reference to become, instead of 'Professor, PhD,' the paraprofessional mental-health aide. He is no longer the professor, whose primary role is to recommend plural sources of wisdom in terms of the literature and in terms of the research being conducted in the field. . . . He has turned away even from the methodologies he is trained in, to take up instead the largely non-provable, therapeutic methodologies and techniques of advice and counsel, group therapy, T-groups, sensitivity sessions, encounter groups, etc.'

Many students are worriers, certainly. Whether converting the university into a psychiatric ward can help them is most doubtful, nevertheless. "The contemporary manifestation of response behavior is catharsis through feeling outlets," Vann and Singer conclude. "This substitution of emotion and personal feeling for objective knowledge may be important in the process of therapy, but it does not provide a base for the solution of real problems in a real world."

Those students who do not desire to become the subjects of emotional therapy are in the situation of my Ohio correspondent. They survive. "As I have carefully nurtured such a bad disposition in classrooms," says my friend, "I am considered locally an 'elitist,' not much fun to have around, and as a consequence do not have to attend the classes for which I am registered." He goes his solitary way, a sane pensioner in Bedlam.

This academic disease is not confined to Behemoth State U. I have encountered such "feeling" professors, and such emotional pseudo-students, at Harvard and Yale and Princeton. (The University of Chicago seems relatively immune; a good many people still think there, rather than emote.) When will we escape from this anti-intellectual plague? Why, perhaps when nearly all young people with a taste for reason have dropped out of the university to seek for *veritas* elsewhere. □

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BOOKS

Inveigher without Venom

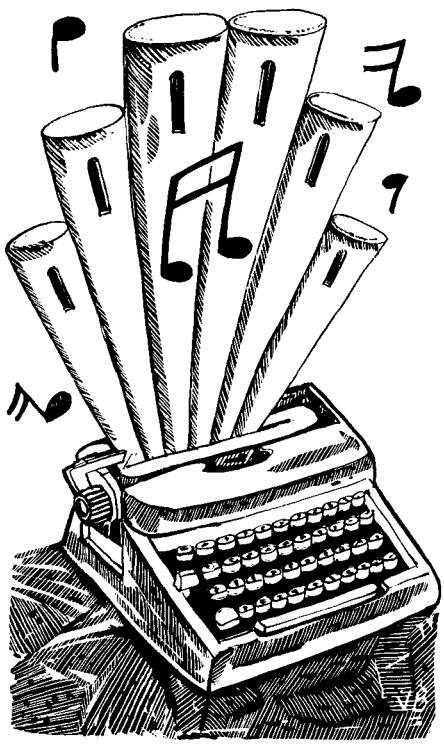
Inveighing We Will Go
By William F. Buckley Jr.
Putnam, 410 pp., $7.95

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Reviewing the latest Buckley mélange (a sampling of several years of his columns and articles, plus the lengthy interview originally published by *Playboy* in 1970) is not as light a task as you might suppose—especially when the review is destined for a magazine that many people think of as a Buckley house organ. Waiting for the review copy of *Inveighing We Will Go* to arrive in the mail, I was plagued by second thoughts. What if it turned out to be a dog? A long shot, that, but what if it was just a re-heated platter of literary leftovers, a far likelier possibility? For several days I found myself mulling over diplomatic ways of expressing undiplomatic thoughts.

As it turned out, the misgivings and the rehearsals were unnecessary. *Inveighing We Will Go* is a good book, although one can seriously question the aptness of the title. After all, inveighing implies a harshness—a carping—that is not characteristic of Bill Buckley. Still, I suppose it is a catchy tag, and the sort of thing that appeals to publishers for marketing purposes. But be warned (or consoled); outside the title page you will find very little inveighing. Instead, there is a steady stream of civilized argument, entertaining discourse and, as always, wit. If anything, there is less asperity and a little more ease than one found in earlier Buckley. Only on highly emotional issues like abortion does one detect a slight but jarring shrillness, as when Cardinal Cooke's friendly meeting with a New York State Assembly leader who supported pro-abortion legislation is likened to a nightmarish fantasy in which the late Cardinal Spellman is "shaking hands and chatting amiably with Martin Borman. . . ." That, to borrow a line from Bill Buckley which he borrowed in *Cruising Speed* from Wilfrid Sheed, is "an ice breaker."

I WAS ALSO pleasantly surprised to find that, although I had read most of the columns included in this collection when they were first run in newspapers and NATIONAL REVIEW, they hadn't turned stale. They all continue to read well and, for the most part, they hold up on the issues. More importantly, read en masse, they are coherent, consistent pieces of a broad world view—something it would be hard to say of most columnists' work, especially several years after composition. With Bill Buckley, the sum really *is* greater than the parts, and just as the public gained a deeper perception of Buckley the man in *Cruising Speed*, it can gain from *Inveighing* a deeper perception of Buckley the writer.



In a recent conversation a mutual friend suggested that running for mayor of New York gave Bill Buckley one of the few things he had previously lacked as a political journalist—a real understanding of the day-to-day dynamics of politics. What the mayoral race did for his grasp of politics, time has done for his general writing. Mellowing is not the word. It comes too close to softening, weakening. But there is a noticeable decrease in stiffness—personal rather than political—in recent Buckley writing that is all for the better. Characteristically, the author realizes this and notes it in his introduction—but in ornate periods typical of his earlier style: "I am a *little* less circumlocutory than I used to be. . . . In the other collections I think there was a little more anfractuosity than in this one, in which here and there I blurt forth more plain-spokenly on some of the concrete problems of the day . . ."

TAKE YOUR pick, the problems are all there: Nixon and the Conservatives; Indochina; the environment; Latin America; the "kids"; economic policy; the Mideast; decline in the Catholic Church; turmoil in Northern Ireland (another of the few subjects where emotion may have led to oversight—full recognition is given to the ugly excesses of the Paisleyites, and the fair Bernadette comes in for a few well-deserved wallops, but the single most lethal element in the Northern Ireland equation, IRA terrorism, is overlooked).

I found myself most taken with the items on men and manners. For my

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money, Bill Buckley is at his best in the warm but not at all maudlin article on his brother Jim; in the perceptive appreciation of the late John Dos Passos; in his exquisite vivisection of a squirming Helen Gurley Brown and her *Cosmopolitan*; defending a beleaguered Beethoven from the slings of William Rickenbacker (with which slings I nevertheless agree); and capturing the essences of two very contrasting countries and people in his outstanding pieces on Switzerland and the Soviet Union.

THERE ARE occasional factual slips, but they are trivial. For example, he glibly informs us, to illustrate some minor point, that Gilbert and Sullivan "couldn't stand each other," when, in fact, theirs was a long and cordial collaboration, interrupted temporarily by a petty business dispute. The peppery Gilbert became convinced that Richard D'Oyly Carte had unfairly consigned some of their mutual profits to recarpeting part of the Savoy theater. When Sullivan sided with Carte, a long freeze ensued, but all three were reconciled in the end. This kind of lapse will be forgiven by all but a handful of Gilbertian cranks, such as this reviewer. Certainly, it detracts little from what is a journalistic tour de force, gliding from sublime subjects to topical absurdities, and back again, with amazing suppleness.

The mood is set before you reach the first page. There he is on the dust-jacket, musician's fingers tapping away at his typewriter, surrounded by piles of books and papers, several small American flags, a cabinet of substantial-looking Havanas and what I take to be a tin of blander *Schimmelpennincks*, an upside-down Segovia album off in one corner.

Our hero—a puzzling mixture of inspired dabbler and true Renaissance Man. One may question his depth at times, but never the remarkable reach of his mind, or his zestful talent for expression. They are displayed at their best in *Inveighing We Will Go.* □

Aram Bakshian's *articles and reviews appear frequently in England and the United States.* . . . **Robert T. Elson**'s The World of Time-Life *will be published by Atheneum in March.* . . . **Jared Lobdell** *is an assistant professor at Pace College Graduate School.* . . . **Alfred Sherman**, *London correspondent of the Israeli daily,* Haaretz, *is a specialist on urban affairs.*

The War for the Cities
By Robert Moss
Coward, 288 pp., $6.95

FISH ROT FROM THE HEAD

ALFRED SHERMAN

"The war of the urban guerrilla is likely to develop into the most prevalent form of political violence in the decades of the 1970s, and it may spread to many Western cities which were formerly considered immune to the contagion," Mr. Moss writes. Had this been the opening of his book, one would have read on with interest, whether one accepted his forecast or not, to see how he proposes dealing with the dangers. Unfortunately, the sentence quoted is the last in the book.

It is, I suppose, a truism that any writings tell at least as much about the author and his milieu as they do about the subject matter; *The War for the Cities* is certainly no exception to this rule. Mr. Moss is the archetypal liberal Englishman—and your anglicized Australian is the most English of all. He sees through the urban guerrilla's pretensions and wishes them defeated: "The political tags matter less than the psychological impulse. The glorification of action over intellect is characteristic both of the prewar fascists and the postwar New Left. . . . it is no accident that men who exalt violence have so often turned out to be more authoritarian and intolerant than the governments they set out to overthrow." Yet he accepts many of the presuppositions on which they are based, and fails to ask at any point whether the revolutionary, nihilistic, authoritarian Left, which he outspokenly and unreservedly opposes, can indeed be separated so sharply from the allegedly reformist, moderate Left, whether there is indeed not a continuum (as left-wingers themselves would claim) and whether the urban guerrilla, Weatherman or Tupamaro is not the reductio ad absurdum of socialism generally.

The author takes it for granted that revolutionary violence by left-wing or ethnic groups is basically the misguided expression—or exploitation—of legitimate grievances albeit in a largely self-defeating or counterproductive form. Given the political climate prevailing in Britain today, even to criticize left-wing violence takes a certain courage and entails looking over one's shoulder for fear of being accused of illiberalism. But to question whether the frustrations experienced by Negroes in the U.S.A.—or for that matter in the United Kingdom—are entirely the fault of the white majority is classed as what the Japanese in their less liberal days called "dangerous thoughts." So is the question whether the poor and inadequate, however defined, can justifiably throw the whole blame for their plight on that mythical monster Society, or indeed whether it might not be more accurate to describe society as their victim rather than vice versa.

Obviously, the question which must be asked is to what extent are we suffering new or substantially increased urban political violence, and if so why? Mr. Moss, with the best of intentions, tends to fudge the answer, partly because he takes for granted that a "sense of relative deprivation" is the underlying cause, as though that were sufficient explanation, and partly because his choice of examples is unbalanced both in place and time. There are many hypotheses regarding the causes of increased violence (of which political violence is just one manifestation). None of them is completely satisfactory. I shall not offer better ones, or claim to have the complete answer. I can only note that the decline of consensus coincides with a decline of the ruling strata's belief in themselves and their values, and with an increase in the self-hate and masochism among our middle classes and intellectuals of which the British socialist George Orwell warned percipiently a quarter-century ago.

THE TURKS have a saying that the fish rots from the head first. The author quotes Kingman Brewster's notorious statement that no black man can expect a fair trial in the United States, merely to say that the Panthers' acquittal disproves it. (It might be truer to say that this and the Angela Davis trial prove that Negroes are above the law.) He does not ask what effect the Brew-

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ster syndrome must have on American social behavior.

In Britain, for example, we find that the introduction of the welfare state, full employment, a change in incomes structure, vastly expanded educational opportunity (of the content and standards of education, the less said the better) have coincided with a deterioration in social behavior, of which the increased use of violence for left-wing political and trade-union ends is one facet. We also find that the main teachers' union is dominated by left-wingers of all kinds, who are also strong among university teaching staff and the media. They tend to teach that society as we know it in Britain is basically unjust, oppressive and not necessarily legitimate. This constant brainwashing does not necessarily produce many additional socialist revolutionaries. What it patently does is to help erode the social disciplines which were painfully built up over the centuries and which acted as some constraint on urges to violence, whatever their cause or form.

Mr. Moss is convincing when he sketches the psychopathic personality attracted to violent left-wing causes. He shows that the inability to integrate into society, to find sufficient excitement in achievement, leads to politicized violence, as much as inadequacy and boredom lead to vandalism by the less politicized youth of our cities.

The study is excessively biased toward Latin America, at least partly because the author knows Spanish and has made a special study of the area. But Latin America has a long tradition of political violence—and personal violence too—antedating the U.S. impact, the population explosion, urban growth and almost any other explanation currently fashionable. I shall not offer alternative explanations here except to point out, at the risk of being called fascist, that national character cannot be left out of the equation. In Latin America Mr. Moss follows a well-trodden path when he points out that the Moscow Communists have generally eschewed guerrilla warfare, urban or rural, for reasons he describes, mainly Moscow's present preference for relations with their governments in order to mobilize their anti-American feelings. This is not the case everywhere, nor has it been the case in the past. Moscow's present philosophy is, in Marx's words, not to play at revolution, primarily because they have learned how counterproductive a lost revolution can be. But there are exceptions to this rule, namely, when a long drawn-out revolt, however doomed to failure, weakens the anti-Soviet coalition.

Encouraging Negro violence in the United States is a case in point. Peking and Havana have explicitly followed Mao's promulgation of a "second front against American imperialism" set forth in mid-1963. There is ample evidence to show that the Russians were torn between considerations that this was irresponsible "adventurism" which could rebound on the American working-class movement and the Negroes, on the one hand, and a desire to jump on the bandwagon on the other. It will be noted that in 1964/5, when they came to appreciate the Brewster syndrome, they stopped criticizing the Mao-Havana "adventurism" and denounced American "fascist police brutality" instead.

This brings us back to the mental climate. If "Victorian" is to be a term of abuse, if "spontaneous" is a synonym for good and healthy, if the leading strata of society continue to lose whatever belief they have left in our values, then we shall have more antisocial violence of all kinds—political, criminal and aimless—in hitherto civilized countries. For reasons of convenience, as explained by Mr. Moss, much of it will be urban violence. As he suggests, the proportion which is either politically motivated or rationalized in political terms may be small, but if the total of violence increases, political violence may be expected to increase at least *pari passu*.

Mr. Moss is quite accurate when he outlines the dilemma faced by governments: how to suppress without evoking widespread resentment. He may be consoled with the thought that however much the Left and its penumbra would protest against a stronger hand in Britain, the 80 per cent of the population generally held to support Enoch Powell's views would also support strong government reprisals. I suspect the response would be similar in the

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Gene Church and Conrad Carnes describe four hair-raising days of encounter sessions in *The Pit* (Outerbridge, $6.95). . . . *John Quincy Adams* is a new life by Marie B. Hecht (Macmillan, $12.95). . . . Rousseau's *The Government of Poland* out in a translation, with introduction and notes by Willmoore Kendall (Bobbs, Merrill, $6). . . . *Social Change* is a collection of essays edited by Robert Nisbet (Harper, $10; paper, $2.45). . . . David McCullough's *The Great Bridge* tells about the one that leads into (or out of) Brooklyn (Simon & Schuster, $10.95). . . . "A. I. Romanov" is the pseudonymous author of *Nights Are Longest There: A Personal Memoir of the Soviet Secret Service* (Little, Brown, $7.95). . . . Steven Kelman, anti-Communist and democratic socialist, slipped *Behind the Berlin Wall* and didn't like what he found (Houghton, $5.95).

■ TV: Performer Q Study did a massive familiarity survey ("know who he is") of 577 TV performers. Out of a possible score of one hundred, Lucille Ball led with 99. Bing Crosby had 93 against Frank Sinatra's 90. Walter Cronkite scored 92, David Brinkley 88, Johnny Carson 88, Jane Fonda 80, Harry Reasoner 79, Howard K. Smith 74, John Chancellor 71, David Susskind 53, Bob Dylan 50, Rona Barrett 36, Bill Beutel 26. Pols weren't rated. (Would Nixon score as high as Lucille Ball?)

■ NOVEMBER BOOKS: Margaret Mead's *Blackberry Winter* is a memoir (Morrow, $8.95). The same publisher assembles *Recollections of Virginia Woolf* by Eliot, Forster, Spender, Rebecca West, 23 others ($6.95). . . . Christopher Jencks and seven others reassess *Inequality* in a manner likely to give heartburn to the liberals (Basic, $12.50). . . . Arthur Marx follows up *Life with Groucho*, dubs the new one *Son of Groucho* (McKay, $7.95). . . . Matthew (*Robber Barons*) Josephson now anatomizes *The Money Lords: The Great Finance Capitalists 1925-1950* (Weybright, $10). . . . *Fascism in France* is a study of Maurice Barrès by Robert Soucy (California, $15.75). . . . Pete Seeger favors us with lectures on Americanism in *The Incompleat Folksinger* (Simon & Schuster, $12.50). . . . Lionel Trilling did a 32-page essay, *Mind in the Modern World*, that Viking is pricing at $4.95, or $1.25 for the paperback. . . . British professor Duncan Williams maintains that sick literature is producing *Trousered Apes* (Arlington, $6.95). . . . James T. Patterson had access to the Taft papers for *Mr. Republican: A Biography of Robert A. Taft* (Houghton, $12.50).

■ TRENDS: If present projections hold, by mid-1974 America will have more marriage books than unbroken marriages.

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United States. After another generation under the present kind of schoolteachers, who knows? Time is not on our side, unless we do something about it, rather than reacting to the dilemmas as they arise. Mr. Moss has at least warned us in plain English, whatever we may think of his diagnosis or prescriptions. □

Luce and His Empire
By W. A. Swanberg
Scribner's, 529 pp., $12.50

BIOGRAPHER AS ADVERSARY

ROBERT T. ELSON

In the British House of Commons, a speaker addressing himself to a subject in which he personally is involved properly should "declare his interest." So, too, the reviewer in this instance, author of the first volume of the Time Inc. history and of the forthcoming *The World of Time-Life*. In his book Swanberg acknowledges help from the Time Inc. historians, observing that his own and mine are "not without points of conflict" and that he was "unhappily aware that [the Time Inc. staff] were likely to disagree unanimously with his appraisal." On these two points, there is emphatic agreement.

Swanberg, the erstwhile biographer of Hearst, Pulitzer and Dreiser, writes as an adversary of the co-founder of *Time* and the founder of *Life*, *Fortune* and *Sports Illustrated* and finds his career "astonishing." A tireless researcher, he has pored over the bound volumes of the Luce magazines and has pondered and quoted from family papers, provided by some members of the Luce family, and from personal and professional memoranda supplied him by some ex-members of Time Inc. He has also interviewed a great many present and past members of the staff and seemingly read almost everything published about Luce, his wives and the company. Having reviewed this enormous mass of material about the only kind word the biographer has for his subject is that the man inspired loyalty. Swanberg apparently did not ask or wonder why. For from these pages Luce emerges as a power-hungry, cruel, humorless propagandist served by a host of overpaid cynical toadies. Only a "select" few who resigned in disagreement with their boss, and one or two others who were particularly helpful to Swanberg, are credited with much professional and journalistic integrity.

What is perhaps even more extraordinary about this grim and unleavened indictment of a man and his magazines is the extent to which, with all of this testamentary material, Swanberg finds it necessary to resort to surmise and supposition to support his case. The pages abound in such phrases as "from the clues available," "there was a strong suspiciion," "it is a reasonable guess," and, as Swanberg bursts all bounds, "the gnashing of the Luce teeth must have been feral."

Luce was a controversialist, who often gave better than he got, so there can be no complaint about a controversial approach to his biography. But some of Swanberg's cheap shots are beneath contempt. When Hadden, the co-founder of *Time*, was dying Swanberg surmises "it would be surprising if, during a visit to the hospital, he [Luce] did not urge Hadden to sell a controlling block of his shares." *Time* and *Life* treated Dean Acheson pretty roughly and there was a never-healed breach between the Secretary of State and *Time*'s editor-in-chief over the China policy. Swanberg is not content to let the facts speak for themselves; he suggests the magazine's attacks on Acheson were "aggravated" by Luce's jealousy of Acheson's membership in the Yale Corporation, a position, says Swanberg, Luce "coveted." Perhaps Swanberg will be surprised to learn that after Kennedy's election Luce sent word to the President-elect that he could do worse than reappoint Acheson Secretary of State. Yes, Luce probably would have liked to be a member of the Yale Corporation.

Swanberg sneers at the American missionary effort in China—"Enlightening the Heathen," he titles this section—to which Luce's father and mother dedicated their lives and which so colored Luce's own outlook toward the land of his birth. The biographer claims to have discovered that the real reason Luce liked to ride the elevators alone in the *Time-Life* building was so that he could "pray while he ascended 36 floors to Heaven." This heavy-handed sarcasm reaches a tasteless nadir in the passage describing Luce's burial at Mepkin, the estate which Harry and Clare Luce gave to the Trappist order: "The . . . monks far from exhibiting sorrow startled some of the mourners by their evident joy that the great man had sloughed off the sinful world and started his journey toward the Kingdom of Heaven."

THE BIOGRAPHER not only totally disagrees with the positions taken by the Luce publications on foreign and domestic policy but startlingly—though perhaps naïvely—overestimates their influence. "Luce had perfected a method of propaganda that was to *Pravda* as a thousand flashing rapiers were to a clumsy bludgeon," he writes. "In the end both methods had the same effect, leading the public in the direction that Stalin, on the one hand, and Luce, on the other, wanted them to go." The comparison is perhaps flattering in an odd sort of way to Luce, but he was no dictator; as an editor he knew the frustrations and the limitations of his influence. He had the bitter experience in four presidential elections of seeing the voters reject the recommendation of his magazines. And in the case of Eisenhower, when *Time* and *Life* found themselves on the winning side, they were part of an overwhelming journalistic majority that, with a few exceptions, included all the leading magazines and most of the country's largest newspapers. For all his influence, Luce was unable to persuade Truman or Marshall to listen when he proposed certain policies that might possibly have forestalled the Communist takeover in

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China. Incidentally, while Swanberg makes much of Luce's partiality for Chiang Kai-shek, he fails to note that while Luce himself was deeply immersed in the China Aid drive during World War II he published in *Life* an article by Pearl Buck severely critical of the regime in China.

Swanberg's overestimate of the Time Inc. influence reaches its apogee when he writes that "its endless propaganda [for the Vietnam war] affected all Americans, all the way down from LBJ to the humblest voters in all regions. . . . How much military and civilian death and misery, how much devastation and hatred in Asia could be laid to the value judgments [of *Time* and *Life*]? How much of the cost to America in its staggering decay of democracy, law, national unity and spirit?"

Luce admittedly is a challenge to the historian as well as the biographer; even Swanberg, as certain as he is of Luce's evil influence, has to admit that it is much too soon to measure his impact on history. Luce was a many-faceted man, not easy to know for he did not encourage an easy intimacy; he thought of himself as a journalist who in the proper role of recording events was engaged in an endless search for truth. He was once pleased when one of his editors said that he always thought of Luce as "a man with a premise"; true, replied Luce, but premises arise from "percepts" which are subject to change as a man learns and grows.

One of Luce's premises was that America was endowed with her riches and opportunities because of a providentially ordained mission to help others less fortunate. When this view, as set forth in his celebrated essay *The American Century*, was criticized by the theologian Reinhold Niebuhr for its "egotistic corruption," Luce humbly accepted that criticism and spent years trying to restate his view in terms more acceptable to his critics. In his later years he believed he had done so in urging the United States to take the lead in establishing the principle of world law as a basis for world peace. Swanberg contends the editor in chief of *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* was a power-mad propagandist; for my part, I consider him a consummate journalist of high principle. In any case, he deserves better from history than Swanberg's biography. □

Farewell to the South
By Robert Coles
Atlantic/Little, Brown, 408 pp., $7.95

The Enduring South: Subcultural Persistence in Mass Society
By John Shelton Reed
Heath/Lexington, 135 pp., $8.50

Biracial Politics: Conflict and Coalition in the Metropolitan South
By Chandler Davidson
Louisiana State University, 301 pp., $11.95

NEIGHBORHOOD AMERICA

JARED LOBDELL

Dr. Coles, as readers of the *New Yorker* will know (parts of *Farewell to the South* appeared originally in that magazine), is a child psychiatrist whose specialty the past dozen years has been the effect of changes in the South on children of the South, but who has in fact gone beyond even that broad specialty to become a sympathetic, if liberal, observer of the entire Southern milieu. Professors Reed and Davidson are sociologists: I confess I have long shared the view that "there are no sciences like sociology," and I am certainly not an ideal reviewer for works in that dubious discipline. But all three books are of considerable interest in themselves and in calling our attention to the question of subcultural persistence.

The South, though perhaps our best known, is not our only subculture—or, perhaps it would be better to say, the South, though the best known, is not the only *example* of the particular subculture which could be called "neighborhood America." It is to this neighborhood America that the Southern strategy, the strategy of the Silent Majority or the Real Majority, and the studies of Middle America are directed. It was not so very long ago that an automobile agency in a central Wisconsin city hired a black salesman and was forced to let him go in order to stay in business—not that racial prejudice is the only or even the distinguishing mark of this subculture, but it is a mark nonetheless. And certainly the problem is not peculiar to the South.

Though certain interests as well as attitudes may seem to be particularly Southern (dirt-track auto racing, perhaps, or the NASCAR circuit), it could be at least as accurate to call them the Southern manifestations of the interests of the entire "neighborhood American" subculture, of which, certainly, one auto race, the Indy 500, is the grand folk-festival. The young black civil-rights worker who grew homesick even for the statues of Confederate soldiers, the young white civil-rights worker who was moved to defend his Southern heritage from the scorn of his damnyankee associates (these are two of my favorites of Dr. Coles' sketches), testify to the persistence of the Southern subculture, but not, I think, to its difference from that of other regions. With this idea in mind—that the Southern subculture is a specific example of this general subculture, doubtless having its own problems (one of which is the amount of study it has undergone), but not greatly different from Middle Western subculture, or small-town New York State subculture—perhaps we can look at what Dr. Coles and Professor Reed and Professor Davidson have to say about us, generally, as well as about the South.

At the risk of reducing a fine piece of work (or rather series of pieces) to the level of Dick and Jane, what Dr. Coles has to say, briefly, is that his involvement with the people of the South turned out to be very like his involvement with people generally. Because he saw them as individual persons with individual problems, so they were just that—under the shadow of the problem of the races, yes, but neither black nor white a race apart from their black and white compatriots. But this summary does not do even summary justice to what is a highly personal account of one man's discovery jointly of a region and of himself.

What Professor Reed, looking at the results of his general surveys, and Professor Davidson, looking specifically at the essentially Southern city of Houston, have to say (if one can perform some kind of sociological arithmetic to come up with a net conclusion) is that the persistence of the subculture hangs in the balance. It still persists, to be sure: that is the burden of Professor Reed's study. But experience in Houston suggests that the ties of race, which are part of the subculture, may, on the

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political scene, come to be replaced by economic ties—poor black and poor white together. I am irresistibly reminded of whichever of the Longs used to proclaim himself "the best friend that the poor white man ever had and the best friend that the poor black man ever had," and I think the reminder is good. Though Professor Davidson does not put it in these words, speaking instead of "the expansion of the present system of economic and social justice," what he in fact sees as replacing the conflicts of the old Southern subculture is the war of the "have-nots" against the "haves"—a conclusion not unexpected in an author who defines liberals as those who favor minimum wages, labor unions and interracial friendship, and defines conservatives as those who disagree with the liberals.

In fact, if Professor Davidson truly presents the alternative, I am driven to conclude, perhaps with Dr. Coles' white civil-rights worker, and certainly with Professor Reed in his occasionally eloquent summary of the position of the South in American society, that I might rather raise the Southern battle cry again, keep out the damyankees (of which I am one), and preserve the subculture, warts and all, than have it replaced by the class war, the incessant "gimme" of the welfare state, the Mass Society of Professor Reed's title. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A NEW ISOLATIONISM: *Threat or Promise, by Robert W. Tucker (Universe Books, 127 pp., $6).* The purpose of Professor Tucker's McGovernist Manifesto is to distinguish the "new" isolationism, which he adores, from the old isolationism, which he knows has a bad reputation. He says the old isolationism was "ethnic" and reflected rural America's xenophobia and the pro-German and anti-British bias of potent voting blocs. But today's isolationism is enlightened, not ethnic. It probably comforts him to believe that, but it is at least arguable that today's isolationism is just another "ethnic" isolation resting on two beliefs: Europe is safe and the United States has no proper concern with other regions, cultures, races. Senator Fulbright, who does not think the U.S. Government should be concerned about non-whites in Arkansas, explicitly exempts Europe from his isolationism on the ground of our "cultural ties" (read: Fulbright scholarships). Fulbright should like some of Tucker's inclinations: "Whereas the old isolationism did not apply to Latin America and retained a measure of ambiguity toward Asia, a new isolationism might stop short of Europe while centering on Asia and extending to Latin America as well." But even Fulbright might flinch from this Tucker dictum: "A Soviet Union wholly in control of Western Europe would still not be a Soviet Union posing a markedly greater threat to America's physical security than the Soviet Union of today." Tucker says U.S. security "is no longer dependent on what transpires outside the North American continent." One wonders what consideration he has given to launchings of Soviet SS-9 missiles. Senator Church, whom Senator McGovern wants as Secretary of State, thinks this book is "sober." It is thin gruel but it does full justice to McGovern's foreign policy.

G. F. WILL

THE MYTHS OF ANTITRUST: *Theory and Legal Cases, by D. T. Armentano (Arlington, 378 pp., $11.95).* In all respects a brilliant piece of work, this book contains a gem-like statement of the theory of the free market, a critique of the theoretical basis of antitrust laws, and a history of their application in many famous cases. The history of the petroleum industry and of the Standard Oil Company within that industry is worth the price of the book. The author concludes: "Anyone who has agonized over the antitrust cases discussed in this volume does not need to be reminded that antitrust is a hoax. And a hoax, no matter how sacred, does not deserve a future. Yet the antitrust laws and the antitrust mystique are part of the conventional wisdom of a mixed enterprise system. Neither the laws nor the mystique are about to be 'repealed.' In fact no laws could be a safer part of the existing business regulatory system than antitrust. And the business community . . . has never opposed the laws in principle, and never will. Yet the political economy of an issue or of an economic system can be turned around. It is hoped that this book provides some leverage for that effort." It does indeed.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

HAIL TO THE CHIEF: *An Illustrated Guide to Political Americana, by James G. Kahler (Pyne Press/Scribner's, 160 pp., $8.95).* Fun! Buttons, banners, posters, pins, pipes, pitchers, canes, torches, fans, ribbons, flasks (hip and powder), umbrellas, sheet music, mirrors, whistles, whiskbrooms and a nutcracker, all emblazoned with names and slogans from Washington to Nixon. From 1836, a cast-iron frog door-stop says, "I Croak from the Webster Wagon." In 1896, the Democrats' reply to McKinley's "Full Dinner Pail" pitch was "No Dinner-Pail Lunch for Me—I am for Bryan and a Square Meal!" Speaking of meals, a 1904 button shows Teddy Roosevelt sitting down to lunch with a Negro. In 1920, the Debs button read: "For President—Convict No. 9653." See Alf, in an airplane, "Land on" Washington (1936); in 1944, a button urged FDR: "Get Your Ass off the Grass—It's Dew[ely!" The advent of television, says the author, has made today's campaign trinkets pale, unimaginative things. Too bad.

C. H. SIMONDS

18/44, *by Etienne Leroux (Houghton, 113 pp., $4.95).* Mr. Leroux is an Afrikaner in search of man. The object is elusive, the intention is ambitious, the author is tenacious. This novel is a surrealistic means toward a metaphysical end. The end bespeaks the beginning. Lacking the origins of an ethical imperative, man is irrevocably doomed to the destruction of wanton self-indulgence. This is reflected by the narrator, a novelist who encounters middle-age "with dismal reluctance" and a poignant correspondence with a young girl. She is eighteen, he is forty-four. Thenceforth his life assumes a meaning which transcends his crippled wife, his Russian mistress and the incestuous memory of a deceased aunt. That meaning entails allegorical dimensions within the context of mythology, the medium for which Leroux has received a deserved critical acclaim. An archetypal setting mirrors tragic figures "searching for a world which no longer exists" in the disintegrative wake of the sterile "nowhere lands" of illusions past and present. The narrative achieves a pathos and the promise of regeneration. A concise eloquence conveys "the tension between people and the tension of our times." Leroux has brought us to the redemptive insight that, collectivism notwithstanding, the individual retains the ultimate responsibility for his actions.

A. L. MILLER

THE PAPERS OF ADLAI E. STEVENSON, *Vol. I, Beginnings of Education, 1900-1941, ed. by Walter Johnson and Carol Evans (Little, Brown, 586 pp., $15).* There is still enormous interest in this country and around the world in the contribution made by Adlai E. Stevenson, ambassador to the United Nations till his death, and twice the Democratic nominee for President of the U.S. The eight volumes of his papers will be a complete record in his own words of the events in his life and the extraordinary changes that remolded the United States in that time. Volume 1 deals with his boyhood, in which he was introduced to politics and political figures at a very early age, his years at Choate and Princeton, where he was extremely sociable, preferring sports to studies, and his early career after graduation from Harvard Law School when he moved to Chicago to practice law, participated in the Foreign Affairs Council and went to Washington as a lawyer for the New Deal. While his zest for living does come out in this volume, trivia unavoidably seep in. And it is nearly impossible for a public figure to appear great in letters to his mother.

V. BROWN

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

My Habit

Pipe smoking seared my tongue. Then I discovered Saran Wrap. Yes, friend, Saran Wrap. I cut it up in neat squares, diapered the tip of my tongue with it. Effective enough—you shape it like a piece of Bazooka Bubble Gum—but it muffles the repartee somewhat. I sounded like Andy Granatelli playing Hamlet. When I sneezed, little opaque windows would appear suddenly on the wall. For two years I Saran Wrapped my tongue, then a suspicious lump appeared. Nervous moments: Good God, I thought, the first known case of Saran Wrap carcinoma. I could imagine the Eleven O'Clock News report, "For three months the diseased rats you see were fed Saran Wrap . . ." I called Dow Corning.

"Complaint department, please."

"Yes sir?" Perky male voice.

"Ah—I've been using Saran Wrap on my tongue for a year now—"

"You've been doing what, sir?"

"Using Saran Wrap on my tongue—now I've got this lump here. Just under my lip."

"But, sir . . . We don't recommend using Saran Wrap—ah . . . orally."

"Why not? Is it poisonous?"

"No. No. But you're not supposed to use it in your mouth."

"Why doesn't it say that on the box?"

"Because . . . well—"

"It doesn't say Saran Wrap is cancer producing."

"I—" Click-click. "Operator, would you put this gentleman through to our legal department?"

Well, the lump went away—Saran Wrap was innocent, exonerated—and now I chew tobacco. Seriously; I kid you not. It's wonderful and I mean to make converts. I've cut down 75 per cent on my smoking, without withdrawal symptoms. Chew a little and the nicotine thirst leaves you. Swallow a little juice and you don't want to eat. (Swallow a lot and you don't want to live.) Spitting, of course, is an art; everything requires practice. If there's a good headwind—ah . . . I try to wear a brown shirt. But the drawing pressure on your cheek and jaw muscles is mightily relaxing. (Is the cheek an erogenous zone, Dr. Reubin?) And, contrary to popular opinion, one can chew politely. I use a cup or glass. Put a spoon in it, a half slice of lemon on the rim and no one knows what you're doing: looks like iced tea with a head on it. So what if, every-time you sip, there's more tea in the cup, not less. People are seldom very observant. My friends said, "God, your teeth will go black." So I asked my dentist and he said, "God, your teeth will go black . . . but you'll never get another cavity." I'm chewing. I'm chewing.

And I'm not the only one. Several days ago I interviewed the marketing head of a major tobacco firm. He wanted anonymity. Chewing tobacco sells at the expense of smoking tobacco, "It could be worse," he said, "they could be chewing gum or Kleenex." Government figures show: "Since 1962 sales of scrap chewing tobacco has [sic] increased 32.4 per cent"—43 million pounds sold in 1971. Smoking tobacco remained stable in this period at around sixty million pounds. Snuff, also unchanged, at 26 million pounds. Most chewing tobacco is sold in the South and Midwest; but now, for the first time, the East has shown great interest. Of course, you don't see Mail Pouch in the *New Yorker* between the Chivas Regal and Johnnie Walker ads. Not yet; but times and tastes are changing.

Chewing tobacco is cheaper. There are few taxes. You can get an ounce of Liberty for 15 cents or so. But this is the undoctored shag cut; pure dynamite. Liberty produces more saliva per chew than a kennel full of Pavlov's dogs. The scrap cut is softer, more manageable (usually a cigar leaf), and it comes in pleasant flavors: apple, raisin. Quite tasty, you could serve it as an hors d'oeuvre. My personal favorite (a plug for a plug) is Havana Blossom: just slightly sugared, neutral in taste, tender as rose petals. Tobacco chewing does require circumspection and some practice; you can learn to ride a two-wheeler in about the same length of time. And strangers tend to sympathize with your bugged out cheek: They assume you've had a wisdom tooth removed. No need to disabuse them. It could happen to any brown-blooded American.

THE HISTORY is dim. American Indians certainly chewed. That makes sense: Where sticks must first be rubbed together, chain-smoking is more or less impractical. A calumet, for that reason, was associated with the hearth, with peace. Wind became a factor: In the eighteenth century sailors found it hard to keep a pipe lit on deck. They chewed (snuff suggested the aristocracy, the English, various undemocratic items). Cowboys, too: the tobacco plug is a very potent oral cleanser. While riding bumper to bumper with steers, the mouth got gritty, rather like eating your own organic lettuce, getting the last clam in a clam broth. A chew moistened, flushed. It is still used in mines and mills where the constant dust build-up is potentially hazardous. As for keeping your teeth hard and black, I think no definitive study has been made: Close-up of child. CHILD (excited): "Look Ma, no cavities!" MOTHER (happy): "It must be the Mail Pouch!" After six months my smile is unchanged: still about 25 watts.

That's not the whole of it. There is machismo in tobacco chewing. I tend

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to walk bow-legged now, thumb in belt loops. I drawl. Down South, my marketing head says, the chaw is an emblem of maleness. ("Oh, Thelma, he's got such a big cheek!") Competitive spitting contests are held. *The Guinness Book of World Records* credits Don Snyder, who does his spitting out of Raleigh, Miss., with a record 25 feet, 10 inches. There are six events in the Missouri Open, twelve in the National (held in St. Louis County, Mo.): hitting a dime from eight feet; spitting into the open door of a hot pot-bellied stove; etc. etc. I'm tempted. But, shucks, I don't want to lose my amateur standing.

Let me recommend it: jokes aside. Tobacco chewing is cheap. It relaxes. And friends—did you ever hear of cheek cancer?

Did you?

Did you? □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Whither Woody?

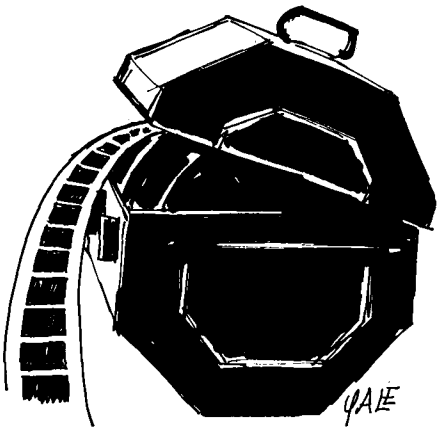
Woody Allen may well be the funniest man in America, give or take Ramsey Clark. The old master himself, Groucho Marx, says Allen is the greatest, bar none. No one who saw Woody's *Bananas* last year emerged from the theater without pains in the side from laughing. But his recent *Play It Again, Sam* was inferior to *Bananas*, and his current R-rated *Everything You've Always Wanted To Know about Sex but Were Afraid To Ask* is, through much of its ninety minutes, a monumental bore.

The idea, granted, was brilliant: Combine Woody Allen's devastating humor with the unrelieved pomposity of Dr. David Reuben's philistine compendium of folk wisdom and dull wit. The result should have been instant slaughter. Dr. Reuben's book, a creepy mishmash of neopuritanism, Jewish guilt and compulsive swingerism, sought to tell all. It sure did. All about the good physician's particular hang-ups, which earned him the near unanimous condemnation of gay and women's lib groups, and all about his mechanistic view of good sex, for which, read: straight, funsy, do-it-and-revel-in-it American sex.

Happily, all that's left of Dr. Reuben's tract is its title and seven chapter headings, plus a nutty kiss-off of the author's smug attitude that all can indeed be told by answering a complex question with a few paragraphs of packaged enlightenment. The best episode derives from Dr. Reuben's question: "What happens during ejaculation?" In answer to which, and quite in keeping with the Reuben spirit, Woody sets up a control center à la NASA, whence emanates the massive coordination necessary to program the man-machine to launch, er, score with the chick in his auto. With Tony Randall and Burt Reynolds among the hotshots organizing the seduction from Brain Center, and a horde of drones churning up the engines below, Woody portrays a reluctant spermatozoön afraid to go lest it won't work out as he and his fellows were taught at Spermatozoa Tech. Hyped by a gung-ho buddy who reminds him of their oath ("to mate with an ovum or die trying!"), Woody screws up his courage and, in perfect mimicry of those old parachute jump scenes in war flicks, charges out to meet his fate. The sheer craziness of the concept, so perversely attuned to the book's clammy feel, affords Woody the opportunity to answer that poignant question (does anybody really ask it?) once and for all, and simultaneously to prick the overinflated bubble of Reuben's towering conceit.

One other episode rises to Allen's level. "Why do some women have trouble reaching orgasm?" Woody explains why by parodying Antonioni art films, right down to ultramodernistic Italian settings, chic Beautiful People strolling endlessly along fashionable terraces, spouting would-be profundities, and a wife who, husband Woody discovers to his dismay, can be aroused only in public. Woody's Italian sounds as if it had been taught to him by refugees from the Ethiopian Never Forget Committee, but the subtitles save the day. The poor fellow tries everything to awaken the latent fires in his comely wife, finally resigning himself to a life teetering on the brink of discovery, in furniture stores, art galleries, at cocktail parties, anywhere not private.

The rest of the movie, the great bulk of it, won't budge. "What is sodomy?" Why, it's a medic (Gene Wilder) who falls in love with an Armenian peasant's sheep. A fetching sheep, yes, with lovely eyes, but a sheep, make no mistake about that. "What is perversion?" Woody answers with a TV program based on *What's My Line?* Naturally, "*What's My Perversion?*" reaches its climax with a frail old rabbi who gets



his kicks by being bound to a chair and whipped by a nubile blonde while his wife sits at his feet rapturously devouring pork. 'Taint funny, McGee. "Do Aphrodisiacs Work?" An aphrodisiac here is a potion by which Woody, the inept medieval court jester who's in a rush since "soon the Renaissance will be here and we'll all be painting," seduces the queen, or tries to. But he gets caught with his hand in her chastity belt, and the king decapitates him. Terrific.

THE FREQUENT comparison of Woody with the Marx Brothers sent me off to refresh my memory. Zaniness, certainly, and a penchant for non sequitur, plus a clipped pacing: These reflect the cream both of Woody and the Marx Brothers. Some moments in *The Marx Brothers Go West* (1940) reminded me, in their cockeyed impossibility, of *Bananas*. Just that perfection of pacing and a high percentage of target shots are glaringly absent in Woody's latest.

What television's *Laugh-in* has made standard on the tube, Groucho and his brothers perfected years ago on the movie screen: The image is brief, just long enough to make a point, then over. Woody Allen's genius, his lateral and diagonal thinking, shines brightest when the absurdity of the situation is offered for the viewer's amusement, played with for an instant, and abandoned while still shimmering. In *Everything*, which he wrote and directed, although he

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doesn't appear in each sequence, Allen stretched the humor until it's flaccid. An ideal target for Woody's parodic barbs, Dr. Reuben's book offers dozens of wonderful questions to which Woody could have brought his brand of flip, surreal answers. Instead, he's chosen to clamp onto too few. Losing the bulk of those, he blows the show. I don't know where Woody Allen is going, or what he's planning next. His two most recent films have reflected a decline from the immediately preceding *Bananas*, and each has suffered progressively from a tendency to elaborate the joke. Perhaps Allen functions best in snippets. If so, he'll either abandon the drawn-out mode of getting his message across, and return to his pinnacle of creativity, or continue in this present pattern and continue to bomb. □

SPECTACLES

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

Shadow of a Man

One of the most unusual experiences afforded museumgoers this fall is the "Shadow of a Man" exhibit at the Natural History Museum in the Smithsonian. For the imaginative, the exhibit is a window on the prehistory of mankind: the figure outline of a man who died almost thirty thousand years ago and was buried in the floor of a cave near Santander, Spain.

One doesn't see any remains as such, for the bones deteriorated long ago. But sediment filled the space occupied by the body, and thus we have a view of the body outline in the round, so to speak. This early European was a big man, over six feet tall and heavily built. He was buried on his left side, with his arms flexed toward his face. The outline of a small, deer-like animal, possibly a funeral sacrifice or offering, occupies the space where the man's head should be.

THE MAN whose shadow lives in the Smithsonian was the "new man" who emerged suddenly in Europe about 37,000 years ago. Alexander Marshack (whose extraordinary researches into the mind and skills of early man may have the same impact on our time as

Darwin's had on the nineteenth century) has written that the new man was "big boned, high browed, powerful, tall, standing at times 6 feet 4 inches, and not much different from many Europeans today." In his pioneering work, *The Roots of Civilization*, published this year, Marshack demonstrates convincingly that in this early European man "the processes of cognition were evolved and modern." The bone carvings of the new man, which record lunar and solar events, and possibly even cycles of fertility, clearly illustrate the intellectual power of our preliterate ancestors.

The "Shadow of a Man" isn't simply another museum curiosity. It gives the viewer a shock of recognition of the humanity of Western man a thousand generations ago. Realization of the bonds of humanity and appreciation of the intelligence of early man have increased enormously within the space of a few years. The conception of the "cave man" as a rude creature has been exposed as archaic and uninformed. With a new, more accurate image of early European man, we are called on to re-examine the roots of all our traditions.

THIS EXHIBIT and the new researches into European prehistory should be helpful to the latest generation of *Homo sapiens*. Our ability to think and deal with complex problems is much older than people imagined a generation or so ago. And our distinctly human feelings are equally old, as indicated by evidence of pollen—the vestige of an ancient wreath—on a Cro-Magnon burial site. When death came to the European man whose outline is preserved in the Smithsonian exhibit, the human population of the continent was very sparse. The ice was thick as far south as middle Germany and the southern part of Britain. The Spanish Man of thirty thousand years ago lived in a world of animals—bison, ibex, wild oxen, seals and horses. Human settlements were few and isolated. The man who lived in caves and adjacent settlements was intelligent but his cultural data were limited. Slowly, however, he began to recognize the long-term patterns in the world around him, the periodicities of nature. He commenced record-keeping on bone and stone. Our human inheritance, in other words, is much greater than we previously imagined. Our breed has faced and overcome challenges through deep layers of history.

IT IS interesting to note the key role played by the Smithsonian in the discovery of the past. It was an astronomer affiliated with the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, Prof. Gerald S. Hawkins, who several years ago made clear the importance of Stonehenge, the "rude, enormous monoliths" of Salisbury Plain. Decoding the stones, he proved that Stonehenge was a great astronomical laboratory built between 1900 and 1600 B.C.—the same period in which the Minoan civilization flourished on Crete. He demonstrated, through the use of computers, that supposedly primitive people in Northern Europe blended extraordinary theoretical understanding of solar and lunar movements with the practical ability to use thirty-ton stones as building units in an astronomical "machine." True Stonehenge was built much closer to our time than to the time of the Spanish man who died in the cave near Santander. But the unique structure in England, like the shadow-man, adds to our new sense of perspective on human history. These successful probings into the past should help late twentieth-century man find the balance and confidence he needs to make his way through the tensions and doubts of this modern epoch. □

David Brudnoy *teaches at Merrimack College. His anthology of conservative writing will be published early next year. . . .* **Anthony Harrigan** *is Executive Vice President of the Southern States Industrial Council and a frequent contributor to* NR. . . . **William E. Ratliff** *is associated with the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace.*

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RECORDINGS

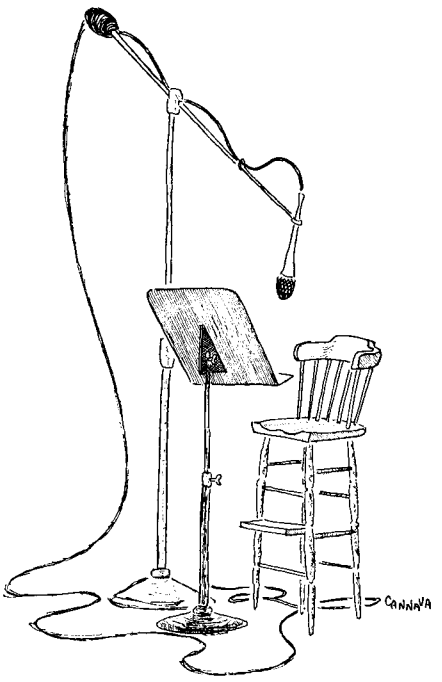
WILLIAM E. RATLIFF

Best and Worst Seasons

There are those who say that Antonio Vivaldi, like Henry James, chewed more than he bit off. This Italian priest, who taught violin for over 35 years at a home for foundling girls in Venice, composed over 450 concerti. Some of them, such as those for piccolo and bassoon, seem warmed-over versions of his concerti for stringed instruments. Many of the latter, however, though virtually unknown between Vivaldi's death in 1741 and the early twentieth century, are among the finest compositions in the string repertoire, superb examples of the Baroque concerto at its best.

VIVALDI'S BEST known is undoubtedly "The Four Seasons"—the first four of the twelve violin concerti which constitute his Opus 8, *Il Cimento dell'Armonia e dell'Invenzione* (The Test of Harmony and Inspiration). This four-part cycle is early program music, each concerto being accompanied by a sonnet on the appropriate season of the year. Those who like a little story with their music will want to read the poems with the music a time or two, though it is not necessary to do so. There are at the moment twenty recordings of "The Seasons" listed in the Schwann catalog. The best recording available is one of the most recent stereo releases, that by I Musici, with soloist Roberto Michelucci, on the Philips label. I Musici is an Italian ensemble (six violins, two violas, two cellos, double-bass and harpsichord) which Arturo Toscanini once called "the world's finest chamber orchestra." For Vivaldi it is still the finest. In this new recording it is clear that Michelucci, who has been a soloist with I Musici since the group was formed in 1952, and ensemble understand and have a feeling for Vivaldi. They present a polished and lively interpretation, with excellent phrasing and tone. In contrast to the rather sharp and cutting tone of the Virtuosi di Roma, another fine Italian chamber orchestra (Angel Records), I Musici has a sound that is mellow and full, though not heavy or sentimental; in another class of sound altogether is the piercing and thin version by the Orchestra da Camera Italiana on Victrola. The fidelity of the I Musici recording itself is excellent and brings out the inner voices and continuo. For those who are interested, the album has with it an introduction to Vivaldi's life and work, the four sonnets in Italian and English, and over two pages of musical themes tying together the music and the lines of poetry.

PERHAPS THE BEST of the available budget recordings, and one of the finest interpretations on the market at any price, is Jörg Faerber's reading on Vox's Turnabout label, with the Württemberg Chamber Orchestra and the fine soloist Susanne Lautenbacher. Faerber presents a smooth, generally spirited and exciting performance. The fidelity of the recording is not quite up



to present standards and this accounts, at least in part, for some inner voices that are unclear and rhythms that are smoothed over. Both performance and recording are better than Odyssey's version by the New York Sinfonietta, the only U.S. chamber orchestra to record "The Seasons." Faerber's closest competition on the budget labels is the spirited rendition on Nonesuch by the Southwest German Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Friedrich Tilegant; this performance, which features Reinhold Barchet, who recorded the first LP version of "The Seasons" with Karl Münchinger two decades ago, has a full though slightly muffled sound.

The most fascinating interpretation of "The Seasons" available is that of Neville Marriner conducting the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, with soloist Alan Loveday. Those who already know these concerti well will appreciate what this young revisionist conductor has done. Marriner has not only discarded the traditional approach to playing Vivaldi, he has ignored many of the composer's own markings on tempo and dynamics. His offering is not the way these concerti usually do —or, I believe, should—sound. With anything short of a brilliant performance, this record would have been an unspeakable disaster. But it *is* a brilliant performance, by ensemble and soloist; light, sprightly, ethereal, enchanting. The Marriner-Loveday recording, though not recommended as a first choice, is an excellent—one is tempted to say essential—second or third "Seasons" in any good collection. It is a country mile from the somewhat stodgy though satisfactory new London release of Münchinger and light years away from the Neanderthal crashings of Leonard Bernstein: four arctic winters—or are they rites of spring?

YET Bernstein's and other heavy orchestral recordings of "The Seasons" must sell fairly well—they account for a third of the expensive performances currently available. The least offensive is the Ormandy version on Columbia with the fine young violinist Anshel Brusilow. The most outrageous—though not the worst—is Leopold Stokowski's on London, with the 10,001 (that's right, ten thousand and one) strings of the New Philharmonia Orchestra, in the spirit of his well-known transcriptions of Bach. It's ideal for those who want their Vivaldi with a heavy dose of Wagner or early Schoenberg. Bernstein's is the worst. If the summer storm under Ormandy sounds like the dance of the oliphaunts, under Bernstein it resembles the screech of a skewered Yrch. His tempos are exaggerated—for example the prestissimo-plus which does in the Philharmonic strings at the end of the second concerto—and his dynamics are extreme. It simply is not good Vivaldi. By the way that clanking you hear throughout the recording is not the eighteen anvils of the Nibelungs but the harpsichord continuo played by Bernstein himself. □

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BOYLAN
(Continued from page 1175)

once the election is over and done with?

Nor has the Nixon record on non-Israel-connected causes been particularly good. The Nixon Administration has been the chief enforcer of quotas through HEW's insistence on "affirmative action" programs on the campuses. These programs discourage deans and department chairmen from hiring white males. (The nadir of this lunacy occurred at the State University of New York's Albany campus, where the Department of Judaic Studies sought a Bible scholar whose prime qualification was to be a female or a member of a minority group, i.e., black, American Indian or Chicano. Male Jewish applicants were thus totally excluded.)

With the exception of Henry Kissinger and Herbert Stein, few important Nixon appointees and aides are Jewish. The "Jewish seat" on the Supreme Court has also vanished. To be sure, those who oppose quotas are in no position to complain about the loss of a Jewish seat on the Supreme Court. Human beings are contradictory beasts, however, and Richard Nixon is vulnerable on these issues. Indeed, a valid complaint against Jewish leaders who have endorsed President Nixon is that they have given their support too cheaply.

What percentage, then, of the Jewish vote will belong to Richard Nixon, come November 7? If the situation remains as it is today, approximately 35 per cent of the Jewish vote will go Republican. More likely, some slippage will occur; some Jewish votes will be "salvaged." Under such a development, 25 per cent seems a reasonable figure. However, the opposite may happen. It is common political wisdom that McGovern has nowhere to go but up. That was also said at the end of the Democratic Convention—and was proven wrong. Nixon might well keep his current converts and win some of the as yet "undecided" Jews. The final percentage could go as high as 40 to 45 per cent.

And what of the future? Are the Jews "shifting to the right"? Have they abandoned the goal of social justice? Inasmuch as the bulk of the Jewish votes Nixon receives are anti-McGovern votes, any conclusions drawn from the 1972 voting totals are fraught with peril. Unless, of course, the Democratic Party continues to nominate McGovern-like candidates. What is occurring, however, is growing Jewish disillusionment with liberal panaceas for America's social problems. In his inaugural address as President of the American Jewish Congress, Rabbi Hertzberg remarked that programs that are good for the rest of society are not necessarily good for the Jews. But one can overemphasize this trend. At this stage, the entire country is nearly 2 to 1 for Nixon. Jewish voters, however, are for McGovern by "only" 2 to 1, and so are lectured to about "voting their fears."

One point must be made in any article about the "Jewish vote." In a sense, it doesn't exist. There is no individual or group of individuals who can "give the word" and turn out millions of Jewish votes. What does exist is a gamut of issues to which Jews are responsive—Israel, social justice, the position of Jews and other minorities in America. The candidate who appears more responsive and less antagonistic to these issues is going to win his share, perhaps the lion's share of the votes of Jewish citizens. For politicians to appeal to Jewish voters on these issues is more than proper; it's what American democracy is all about. ☐

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(Signed) William A. Rusher, Publisher

LETTERS

(Continued from page 1162)

tween groups, each claiming greater past deprivation in order to increase its own quota at the expense of the others. The dependence of the minorities on the values and favor of the dominant groups remains undisturbed.

Berkeley, Calif. MICHAEL A. JENNINGS

Psychiatric 'Help'

Regarding Dr. Thomas Szasz' review of the Wechsler book, *In a Darkness* ["Books," May 26], which was later commented upon by the Wechslers' son-in-law ["Letters," August 4], I should like to add my own observations.

Both as a professionally qualified psychologist, and as one who has been there (twelve psychiatrists in over ten years, two three-month stretches in mental hospitals, five years drugged out on psychiatric "medications"), I can personally testify that the majority of Dr. Szasz' comments are totally correct.

Not only do psychiatrists *not* "take the patient seriously," but further they uniformly impose upon said "patient": 1) the judgment that a "disturbed response" to problems in life actually signifies "mental illness"; 2) the attitude that "mental illness" is a disease which is purely internal to the mentality or behavior of the "patient"; 3) the message that only by accepting the "treatment" of the psychiatrist as doctor can the "patient" ever hope to recover from his terrible affliction; and 4) an absolutely ruthless determination to prove all of this correct via the pursuit of the "patient" until said "cure" is effected, or until the "patient" is dead.

Psychiatry thus emerges as a massive, insane, inhumane, stupid, but enormously powerful institution which today variously controls the thoughts and lives of most of us. No wonder such books as those written by Mr. Wechsler about his late son are awarded prizes by the American Psychiatric Association! Where *did* America go?

Seattle, Wash. NORMAN MCALLISTER

Notes on WEST Virginia

In your September 15 "Letter from Washington," you mention "a Virginian, Stonewall Jackson." Surely the least you could do was to have written "a (West) Virginian . . ." Granted, the area was part of Virginia then, but the birthplace of Thomas J. Jackson was at present-day Clarksburg, WEST Virginia. Jackson's Mill, where he grew up, is now the state 4-H camp, with a museum run by WEST Virginia University. Some of his best "retreats [turned] into a series of victories" occurred in the Eastern Panhandle of (you guessed it) WEST Virginia. The great state of WEST Virginia is willing to share Stonewall with the world; but it demands a credit line!

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Canada Today:

[A Primer on the Federal] Government of Canada.

While some useful legislation is introduced in the Senate and while it increasingly conducts useful public inquiries, its power is limited and there is controversy as to its value. It has frequently been suggested that the Senate be abolished altogether. (Reference to Canada's Senate)

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LOFTON

(Continued from page 1177)

reporters ever, says that when he put quotation marks around the words "secret plan" in his article he meant to use them to "set off something rhetorical, not something to be taken literally." A novel use of quotes to be sure, but a use I have been unable to locate in any style book.

Senator Eagleton answers tautologically that his reference to candidate Nixon's speaking about a "secret plan" in 1968 is based on "Mr. Nixon's several references to a plan that he had to end the war—a plan which he would not divulge." Declining to engage in what he called "a game of semantics," Eagleton gives no source for his quote.

NBC's Edwin Newman says that when he spoke of a secret plan, he did not mean it as a quotation. "It was shorthand," he explains, "which is sometimes unavoidable, for a plan that the President said he had and the particulars of which he said he could not divulge without impairing the chance of the plan's success."

Minnesota's Gov. Anderson writes: "President Nixon did not employ the phrase 'secret plan' while a candidate in 1968," then, as if it would have made a difference, the Governor notes that if the President objects to the countless references to the "plan," he has not voiced his dissatisfaction publicly.

The most creative defense of the use of the non-quote is made by Theodore Sorensen. Unable to cite a particular source to back up the enclosing of the word "secret" in quotes, Sorensen backtracks from his original charge that candidate Nixon said he had a "secret" plan and now says that the labeling of a nonexistent plan is a "charitable misnomer." He then quotes the Government Printing Office's *Style Manual* (Sec. 9.123) that "quotation marks are used . . . to enclose misnomers."

The fact of the matter is that candidate Nixon never said he had either a "secret plan" or even a "plan" to end the war in Vietnam. The closest he came to this were remarks on March 5, 1968 in Nashua, N.H. when he pledged "to end the war and win the peace" saying he had no "pushbutton technique" in mind but would "mobilize our economic and diplomatic and political leadership." Those who persist in saying Nixon used the words "secret plan" or "plan" are simply not telling the truth. □

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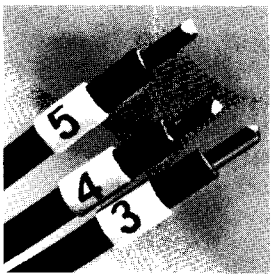

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Inside Russia

New York, Oct. 12—I write in sincere ignorance of whether the President of the United States knows what has come my way about conditions inside Russia. The press has here and there reported on the rather surprising coldness of post-Summit Russia, and the current *Newsweek* alludes to the agricultural crisis. But if the information at hand is to be believed, the crisis in Russia is far far worse than it is routinely taken to be. It could be that the internal crisis is the worst in the peacetime history of the Soviet Union. And that the United States is unthinkingly committed to the ironic masterstroke of the modern age: the rescue of the Soviet government.

The first formal intimation of the Soviet condition came with the astonishing purchase of American wheat. Under the agreement, it was generally supposed that the Russians would order the shipment of wheat at regular, relaxed intervals. Instead, the Russians seized on the wheat with the gluttonous concentration of a starving man, totally upsetting the wheat market—indeed, driving up the price on the world market in such a way as to greatly embarrass the United States, which is now forced, under regular subsidizing arrangements, to compensate American farmers for differentials brought on by the U.S.-backed deal.

A Russian, living in Leningrad, has described in devastating detail the poor conditions in the immediate environs of Leningrad. Last June there were no lemons, no fruit except poor quality cherries, no lettuce, no vegetables except shriveled carrots, turnips and potatoes. No fresh milk in the state stores, no real butter. At a suburban store he was able early this summer to buy ten eggs, a scrawny bundle of radishes, a few decrepit onions, a hunk of black bread and a package of tea—for ten rubles. This is approximately one-tenth of the monthly salary of a Russian worker.

It is in order to disguise the hunger that 75 per cent of Russia is now closed to tourists. And it is to disguise it that repression in general is so much in vogue. The KGB is everywhere active. Recently it incorporated the militia. It and the army exercise power, and they turn as societies frequently do under straitened circumstances, to repression: brutal, senseless, unleavened. Stalin is very much in vogue, and the oppressors are wistful of the power their predecessors had as Stalin's agents, ignorant or reckless of the fate most of their predecessors met. Above all they want to avoid facing the responsibility for the disastrous domestic situation. Their concern now is: to keep the world from knowing what is going on, to blame the plight so visible to the peasants and workers on a plausible enemy, and to earn the hard currency to buy their way out of the crisis in the American market.

This, one insider notes, is the true reason for imposing the vicious emigration tax on the Jews. Not because they desire so much to punish the Jews or to salve Soviet pride. But because they have coolly reckoned that Western Jews, mostly Americans, can be got to pay over the next period as much as $500 million in ransom, and that one-half billion is vitally necessary to feed Russia. That is why they continue to endure tourists—because they spend hard currency.

WHAT MIGHT the United States do? According to one Russian, now is the historical opportunity to impose conditions on the sale of wheat. Above all what is needed—he reasons—is freedom of movement. Freedom for the intellectuals, the artists, the poets, to move about, and to publicize the internal situation. The notion that it is just they who are oppressed in Russia is unfeeling toward those Russians, equally oppressed, who never wrote a line, nor read a book. The haunting question is whether Richard Nixon, who if he does not have this information is bound to have it soon, will reason that the West is better off with the Kremlin leadership secure, never mind that convulsion in the Soviet Union could bring a better world and a dawn of liberty for the tormented Russian people. □

SENATOR JACKSON RIDES AGAIN

New York, Oct. 14—Senator Henry Jackson, whose amendments have been the legislative hits of the season, has come up with yet another one, of momentous strategical and philosophical consequence. The Jackson amendment specifies that before the Soviet Union (or any other non-market country) qualifies for Most Favored Nation economic treatment, the President of the United States must report to the Congress that the Soviet Union 1) is not denying to its citizens the right to emigrate; 2) is not imposing an emigration tax of other than nominal significance and 3) is not engaging in Mickey Mouse to evade 1) or 2) above.

SENATOR JACKSON'S sunburst illuminates a great tension in the liberal soul. On the one hand our progressive legislators are committed to free trade and non-interference in the internal affairs of other countries. On the other hand as liberals they are committed to human rights. It is a venerable commitment, adumbrated by John Donne when he said that he was involved in mankind, and efforts to reify that commitment are as recent as liberal enthusiasm for the United Nations Convention on Human Rights, and the expulsion of Rhodesia from the Olympic Games. Along comes Senator Jackson with a torch in his hand which he lobs now into the kindling of that very paradox, and Jacob Javits cannot sleep at night. Sad is the lot of the lady, said La Rochefoucauld, who is at once violently inflamed and inflexibly virtuous.

Senator Jackson already has 31 cosponsors for his amendment. The most prominent holdouts are Senators Javits, Kennedy, Humphrey, Percy and Muskie. They are attempting to squirm away with a cop-out, namely a "sense of the Senate" resolution to the effect that the President of the United States, before making any economic trade treaty with the Soviet Union, should urge the Soviet negotiators to ease the pressures on those of its citizens who wish to emigrate. There is an American

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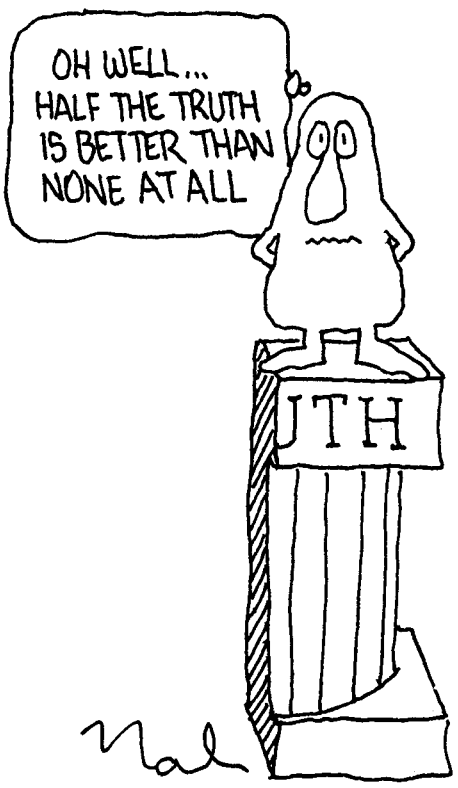
Institute at Moscow one of whose functions is to advise the Kremlin how seriously it needs to regard various American pressures. I do not doubt that the offices of this Institute have framed copies of such Senate curios as its resolutions enjoining the Soviet Union to clear out of the occupied territories in Eastern Europe. And Senator Javits knows this very well. Hence the causes of his torment.

The reason the issue is so keen is of course that the victims of this particular persecution are Jewish. And the historical persecutions of the Jewish minority during this century are the great trauma of modern times. A few years ago on Broadway Pope Pius XII was exposed to obloquy every night, twice on Wednesdays and Saturdays, for allegedly doing less than he might have done to relieve the Jews who suffered and died under Hitler during the Forties. It was never clear what was the alleged motive of Pius XII. But what will they say of Hubert Humphrey on Broadway twenty years from now—that he refused to lend a helping hand to the Jews of Russia because there was a wheat surplus in Minnesota?

Those who are afraid of the political consequences of siding against Senator Jackson are endeavoring to vitiate the effect of his amendment by whispering that Jackson's true interest is in standing in the way of détente, that therefore he seeks to frustrate a trade agreement of any sort. But surely it is easier to understand Senator Jackson by starting the other way around? He seeks to civilize the Soviet Union, which has been the cause of more deaths and more misery than have been caused by any other state during this century. It is within the power of the Soviet Union to bring on a world war, and it is the continuing disposition of the Soviet Union to torture its citizens. After all, Jackson is not opposed to détente with England or France or Canada, and he was himself a co-sponsor of the East-West Trade Relations Act of 1970. His struggle now to put conditions on trade with the Soviet Union, which conditions might result in the amelioration of human suffering, hardly makes him reprehensible: Or will it be the position of the dissenting senators that it is reprehensible to try to help the Jewish people of Russia, rather than merely to talk about them? □



THE PROBLEM OF UNBOUGHT TRIBUTES

New York, Oct. 18—I note that Mr. Mark Spitz has embarked on a $5-million career, as adviser to the American community on what to eat, wear, drink, smoke, see and hear. The *fons et origo* of his authority to counsel us on such matters is that he can move his body through a given body of water at approximately one second of time less than the runner-up, who will never be heard from again, whoever he is.

It is all quite customary, and accepted with good nature everywhere. There is going on, in the city I inhabit, a blitz these days featuring Mr. Joe DiMaggio. He is running on about the interest rate at a local bank. Mr. DiMaggio knows about as much about interest rates as I know about baseball: never mind. One would think, to judge from the television commercials, that Chet Huntley is an aeronautical engineer, whose career was briefly interrupted by NBC. Never mind.

At the national Convention in Miami, a liberal academician given to uninhibited thought leaned over to the moderator of a national news program who introduced a forthcoming commercial by personally endorsing the product, and said: "Why do you do it?" "Because," he whispered, "they insist on it." "Try saying no," said the professor. I doubt that he will bother to try saying no: the producers would not take no for an answer.

It is all deplorable, and faintly dishonorable, I suppose, though it is quite generally excused, except by the most rigid keepers of the public probity. An exclusive club in New York City is reputed to have denied membership to an industrialist who innocently posed with a bottle of whisky in his hand in an advertisement in which he was identified as a Man of Distinction, enticed to do so by a procurer who promised in return everlasting patronage for the Red Cross, or the Boy Scouts, or whoever. But the stigma, like the Scarlet Letter, is evanescing, and no doubt before too long the gentleman in question, who has since departed this vale of tears, will be elected to honorary, posthumous membership in the gentlemen's club.

THERE IS another problem, whose tentacles have choked me. It has to do with what is permissible in the way of gratitude. We all express our complaints (though not as often as we should). But how, publicly, to express our enthusiasms? A year or so ago, having arrived in Switzerland, I pulled out the electric portable typewriter I bought ten years ago to keep there, plugged it into the alien current apprehensively as I do at the beginning of every season, but it jumped instantly to life, performing with the precision of a Saturn rocket. Impulsively I sat down and typed out a letter to the manufacturer: "Dear Sir: I have owned one of your typewriters, model so and so, for ten years. It has given me absolutely faultless service. You have reason to be very proud of your product. You may use this testimonial in any way you see fit. Yours truly, WFB." I never heard again from the typewriter company. No doubt the clerk put the letter in the crank mail box. On the other hand, perhaps it was pondered and the decision arrived at that no unbought endorsements are worth having. No doubt the company will one day publicize an endorsement of its typewriters by Muhammad Ali.

That last sounds invidious, and is not meant to be. But it would be good to be able to speak one's mind uninhibitedly about the pleasures of certain goods of this world, and as a devoted consumer of them, I would love to hear the unbought opinions of others, on everything from cars that actually stand up (is there such a thing?), to television models that do not require maintenance. The governing ethics as I say are vague on the subject, and it is so widely suggested that one does what one is paid to do, I doubt one can safely really buck the problem. One day I may try it: writing, say, a tribute to fine airline service, or to a ball point pen (I have discovered the world's best), or to a reference book. But it isn't safe, and one cannot live dangerously in every field.

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Where Popeye starred — 1 31 17 36 112 146 151 165 169 176 / 181 187 195 203

B. The conservative political group — 24 50 65 19 99 61 178 222 4

C. *It dies but it never* surrendered — 74 86 104 120 125 172 145 134

D. A medium-sized shark — 77 193 115 171 180 221 202 3 37 72

E. The English form has twenty-six letters — 32 164 197 189 63 22 6 177

F. A river in Quebec — 38 215 8 140 89 68 136 105

G. The radical political group — 71 138 149 106 79 21 161 224

H. One who is not tied to a political party — 75 58 183 98 109 131 156 167 170 194 / 201

I. This is used for deep-sea observation — 13 25 30 54 87 29 45 62 78 5 / 42

J. On a high moral or intellectual plane — 94 213 23 51 186 139 210 122

K. What the metric system does not include — 110 12 20 52 35 76 64 150 81 97 / 137

L. A town in the state of *Hidalgo, Mexico* — 118 168 11 49 59 85 96 113 123 144

M. What Basutoland is now called — 126 141 211 80 53 107 155

N. Former pitcher who managed New York Yankees for one season — 34 152 208 143 90 108 56

O. The position of something in relation to a frame of reference — 7 9 18 28 33 70 73 91

P. Remarkable — 182 44 95 55 60 66 142 173 2 39

Q. A carriage used in Russia — 67 10 124 216 225 209 191

R. These are found in kitchens — 192 46 69 57 162 88 100 130 135 206

S. Spun — 200 111 92 153 174 190 127

T. A bone found in Troy — 205 26 199 163 179

U. Carried — 217 121 184 114 147

V. Many have succeeded in life despite this — 223 14 82 93 166 40 157 116 128

W. A town in Mingo County, W. Va. — 159 117 129 102 188 212 41 218 158

X. Indecent — 48 204 214 160 83 220 43 119

Y. What some drugs are called — 101 196 154 133 207 148 219 15 27

Z. What foul-talking demonstrators should use — 132 84 103 226 175 16 198 47 185

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1198 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 A	2 P	3 D		4 B	5 I	6 E	7 O	8 F		9 O	10 Q	11 L	12 K	13 I	14 V	15 Y		16 Z	17 A	
18 O	19 B		20 K	21 G	22 E	23 J	24 B	25 I	26 T	27 Y		28 O	29 I		30 I	31 A	32 E	33 O		
34 N	35 K		36 A	37 D	38 F	39 P		40 V	41 W	42 I		43 X	44 P		45 I	46 R	47 Z	48 X	49 L	
50 B	51 J	52 K		53 M	54 I	55 P	56 N		57 R	58 H	59 L	60 P		61 B	62 I	63 E	64 K		65 B	
66 P	67 Q		68 F	69 R	70 O	71 G	72 D		73 O	74 C		75 H	76 K		77 D	78 I		79 G	80 M	
81 K	82 V	83 X		84 Z	85 L	86 C	87 I		88 R	89 F	90 N	91 O		92 S	93 V	94 J		95 P	96 L	
97 K	98 H		99 B	100R		101Y	102W	103Z	104C	105F		106G	107M	108N		109H	110K	111S	112A	
113L	114U	115D		116V	117W	118L	119X		120C	121U	122J		123L	124Q	125C	126M	127S		128V	
129W	130R	131H		132Z	133Y	134C	135R		136F		137K	138G	139J	140F	141M	142P		143N	144L	
145C	146A	147U		148Y	149G		150K	151A		152N	153S	154Y		155M	156H	157V	158W		159W	
160X	161G	162R	163T	164E	165A	166V	167H		168L	169A	170H	171D		172C	173P		174S	175Z	176A	
	177E	178B	179T	180D		181A	182P	183H		184U	185Z	186J	187A		188W	189E	190S	191Q		
192R	193D	194H		195A	196Y	197E	198Z	199T	200S		201H	202D	203A		204X	205T	206R	207Y	208N	
209Q	210J	211M		212W	213J	214X	215F	216Q	217U		218W	219Y	220X	221D	222B	223V	224G	225Q	226Z	

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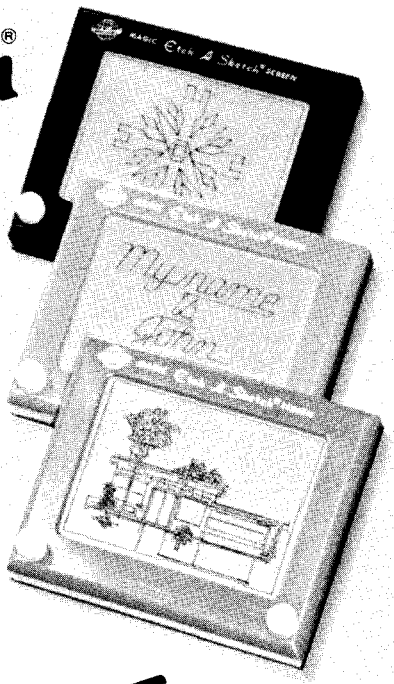
Ohio Art's Etch A Sketch®

World's favorite drawing toy



Imaginations have been turned loose on Etch A Sketch for two generations now. Sometimes on the same one! Because Etch A Sketch is unusually durable. To quote many of the millions of Etch A Sketch owners, "They just don't wear out." And since it's self-contained, you don't need paper or pencils to doodle, design and draw. Just turn the knobs for hours of creatively challenging, fascinating and gratifying amusement. Ideal gift for all ages! Choose from three colors at toy counters everywhere. Write in for your free "World of Toys" booklet.

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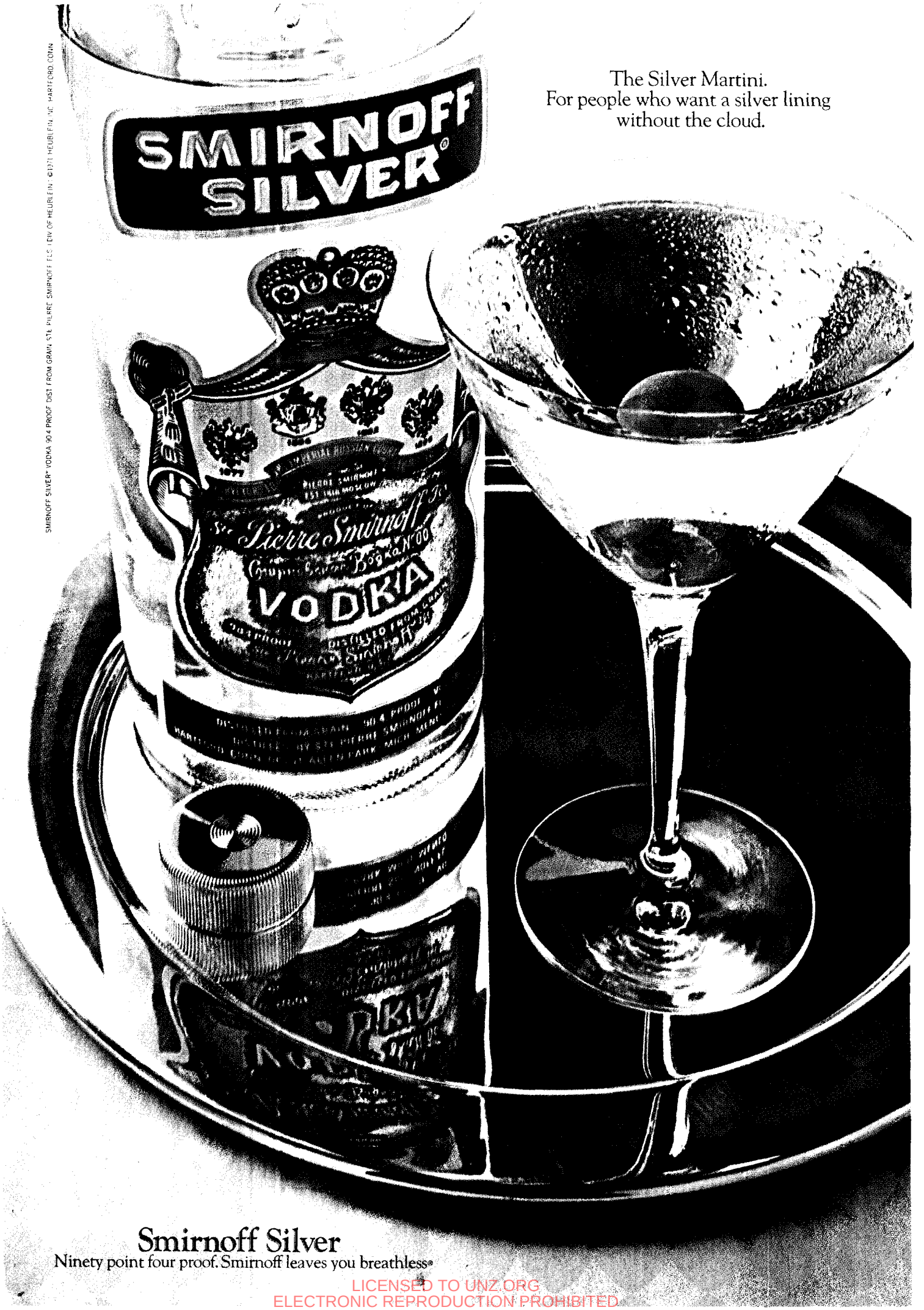

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